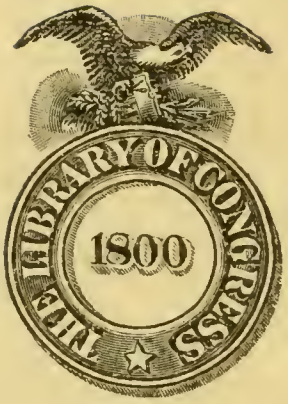
CHAMPLAIN
THE FOUNDER OF NEW FRANCE

by

EDWIN ASA DIX



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SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

At about the age of forty.

Reproduced from an engraving by Moncornet.

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BY

EDWIN ASA DIX, M. A., LL. B.

Formerly Fellow in History of Princeton University
Author of "Deacon Bradbury," "Old Bowen's Legacy," "A Midsummer Drive Through the Pyrenees"

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CHAMPLAIN

CHAPTER I

THE MAKING OF A SOLDIER

1567–1598

Down on the southwest coast of France, sprayed by the storm-driven waters of the Bay of Biscay, is the little hamlet of Brouage, now moldering into picturesque decay. From its ancient four-square walls, flanked with their seven bastions, and shaded by magnificent century-old elms, you look out over the wide stretch of salt marshes which surround the place on three sides, and can trace the line of the old channel, now filled up, which once linked its harbor with the sea. Within the town a few inhabitants are still to be found, clattering along the little, ill-paved streets in their wooden sabots; but they seem to live in the past rather than in the present, and to be thinking of the bright days of an era now gone, when Brouage was a proud and prosperous seaport of Old France.

In the village stands a modern monument, strange in the contrast to its ancient surroundings. It is a memorial to Brouage's greatest son, Samuel de Champlain, the founder of the French power in America, who was born here about the year 1567.

How different was his birthplace three centuries and a quarter ago! Then its harbor, if small, was deep, and its channel free; fishing craft, trading schooners, and even the royal war-vessels anchored in its roadstead; its narrow wharves were the scene of traffic, its salt-works famous, and its people busy and well-to-do. "It is the best seaport in France," extravagantly wrote Montluc in his Commentaries, in 1568; and, four years later, La Popelinière went even further, declaring it to be "one of the safest and finest ports in all Europe." "Here you hear every known language spoken," reported Nicholas Alain in 1598. The spirit of enterprise was in the town; the sailors and merchants of Brouage were noted throughout Biscayan France, with those of La Rochelle and Rochefort, just as those of St. Malo and Havre and Rouen and Dieppe were noted along the more northerly coasts of Brittany and Normandy.

The name of Champlain's father was Antoine de Champlain; that of his mother was

Marguerite Le Roy. Antoine was engaged in the fisheries, and afterward became a sea-captain. One of Samuel's uncles, a brother of Antoine, was also a commander of sea-craft —a noted one. He was called "The Provençal Captain," and was at times employed as pilot in important naval movements. Antoine was not a rich man, but neither was he very poor; he probably made a comfortable living, and was evidently able to give his son a good all-around education and a promising start in life, as his wisest legacy.

Of Samuel's boyhood and youth we know few details. He played and studied with other boys of his age; and we can surmise that he was as active in games as he was proficient at his lessons, for he was a hardy, healthy lad, fond of exercise and outdoor life. He explored with his companions the far-stretching parallelograms into which the flooded salt marshes were divided by low embankments; and at the end of the summer drying season he helped, perhaps, in boyish sport, to gather the salt and pile it into tall cones, or shovel it into canvas bags to be taken on packhorses to the quays. He ranged the greener country beyond the marshes, and followed up the low bank of the little river Seudre, making easy acquaintance with the quiet peasantry. When not for-

bidden by the sentinels, he with his companions raced along the tops of the then new fortification walls, built by Italian engineers under order of the ministers of Charles IX, peering over into the moat, and unconsciously making himself familiar with the approved forms of bastions and ramparts. It is imaginable that the young French army officers of the garrison took a liking to the boy, attracted by his quick eyes and his eager interest in everything, and gave him an insight into fort-building and fort-holding and the work and pleasure of a soldier's life. He stared with interested gaze at the frequent newcomers in the Brouage streets —swarthy sailors from Spain and Portugal, red-sashed Basques, blue-eyed fisher-folk from Brittany, rough English seamen, or portly trading merchants from the Baltic towns of the North German coast. Most of all, he loved the wharves and the shipping; and his father assuredly took him on frequent trips in his coasting vessel, and taught him little by little how to manage sea-going craft for himself. He learned to take soundings, and to shift sail, and to use the wonderful mariner's compass which had revolutionized navigation and had enabled men to adventure fearlessly on all the known seas of the globe. The rough, free life toughened his frame, and the salt winds

bronzed his cheek. The ocean and its mysteries fascinated him. "Navigation is the art," he wrote, years after, "which has powerfully attracted me ever since my boyhood, and has led me on to expose myself almost all my life to the impetuous buffetings of the sea."

It was a notable time in the world's history in which to live. Europe had wakened from her brutalizing sleep of the Middle Ages. The invention of printing, and later of paper-making, had brought to her books and knowledge. The art ideas of Italy, penetrating northward, had burst into the bloom of the Renaissance, that potent new birth of beauty and taste. Copernicus had advanced novel and striking theories about the earth and the universe, destined to overthrow and reconstruct men's most deeply rooted beliefs. A mighty religious reformation had swept over the Continent, and had quickened the religious life alike of those who believed in its mission and message and of those who did not. Commerce was stirring. In the north the cities of the Hanseatic League, and in the south the great Italian republics, had long set an alluring example of commercial prosperity, which was now beginning to be followed by middle Europe. And, most important of all, it was an age of exploration and discovery. America had been revealed

by Columbus, the century before, and every succeeding voyage to its distant and little-known shores had increased men's curiosity and interest in the great new continent. The Straits of Magellan had been passed, the Cape of Good Hope rounded, and the wide Pacific Ocean thus entered from both sides. Drake was making his first circumnavigation of the globe, returning to tell of the strange countries and stranger races which he had discovered. The world had suddenly grown immensely larger. Every ship that put into Brouage Harbor had tales to tell of new and marvelous lands beyond the seas. The fishing vessels that sailed yearly after Newfoundland cod brought back accounts of the painted red men of the North American coasts. Reports that reached Europe of Spain's marvelous conquests in Mexico and Peru hinted at untold treasures of gold and precious stones, and fired other nations with zeal to find and subdue equally rich countries for themselves. Portugal had opened up anew the wealth of ancient Asia. Little wonder that the imagination of young Samuel Champlain, as of so many other ambitious youths of his time, was alight with the passion for adventure and the stirring career of the sea.

Who were the chief actors on the world-

stage during these years when Samuel was playing as a boy in the streets of Brouage and later learning coastwise navigation on his father's vessel? Catholic Philip II, narrow and intolerant, had succeeded Charles V on the throne of Spain. That nation's power was at its height. Philip's ships were on every sea. Half the New World and a large part of the Old were his. He was waging savage war against the Netherlands, who were heroically fighting for independence. Protestant Elizabeth was Queen of England. She sympathized with the Netherlands, and for this and other reasons Philip prepared to crush her with his famous Armada. It was a battle of giants that was fought out, there on the rough waters of the Channel, in the year Champlain became of age;[1] and the rest of Europe ceased for a moment from its own quarrelings, and watched it tensely. Elizabeth's war-ships and war-captains routed and broke up the Spanish armaments, and all England drew a long breath of relief. The greatest danger in her history was passed. We can imagine the excitement and interest in the port towns of France when mariners brought in the news of that momentous naval fight. How the folk of Brouage flocked to the wharves, to talk with

[1] Assuming the year of his birth to have been 1567.

the sailors who had just put into the busy little harbor, and hear from them exciting narratives, gathered from participants or eye-witnesses, of the great sea-battle! Old Antoine and his tall son must often have sat in one of the little taverns down by the shipping, plying some Breton captain or mate with honest country wine, and listening to his vivid yarns, which, we may be sure, lost nothing in the telling. There was a feeling of relief, even in Catholic France. The Spaniards were a cruel race, hated, alike in war and in peace, by other nations. It was just as well that their overbearing power should be curbed.

In Eastern Europe, too, interesting events were taking place. The Turks were pressing in and threatening civilization itself. Venice and the Pope were fighting them valiantly; neighboring powers were aiding to hold back the infidels; and even Spain, with all her other concerns, found means to take part in the struggle against them. In the north, the new and barbaric power of Russia, under Ivan the Terrible, was rising into might. Germany, under Maximilian II and Rudolf II, was comparatively quiet, but stood ready to take a hand in war or politics, East or West, whenever she might deem that her interests demanded it.

Thus conflict was everywhere. It seemed

the natural and normal state of things for nations to be in clash of arms. Champlain, in addition to his love for adventure, imbibed almost of necessity a love for war; and indeed events nearer home had made him familiar alike with its gloom and its glamour.

For France too was in conflict—in conflict with herself, in these days of Champlain's young manhood. There were excitements enough, even around the clay-bottomed salt marshes of Brouage, without seeking adventure in other lands.

Catherine de' Medici was the real ruler of France, behind her three weak sons, kings successively as Francis II, Charles IX, and Henry III; and the long and bitter civil wars between Catholics and Huguenots had for years been desolating the country. The ancient province of Saintonge, in which was Brouage, did not escape. In fact, the struggle was particularly fierce in that region. Saintonge was a noted center of Huguenot Protestantism; and just north of it was the Huguenots' greatest stronghold, the city of La Rochelle. Brouage itself was Catholic; and the two parties fought for its possession. Before Champlain was a dozen years old, the town had been captured first by one party and then by the other. Samuel had seen sharp fighting in its streets; per-

haps he had climbed upon the roof of his home and with his own boyish arm thrown stones down upon the Protestant invaders. Yet this was but in youthful ardor; for as he grew up, he came to know better his Huguenot fellow countrymen and friends, and to respect them; and though he himself remained all his life a stanch Catholic, he was soon to be found siding with Henry of Navarre against the Catholic League and the Guises.

In 1578 Henry III, then King of France, gained a firm hold on Brouage, and held it thereafter, despite all the attacks of the Rochellais. In 1586, the latter, under orders from the Prince of Condé, tried to ruin the port by blocking up the channel; sinking twenty scows loaded with stone at the mouth of the harbor. Brouage's governor, François d'Espinay de St. Luc, was unable to prevent this act; but he defended the town itself with stubbornness, and at length drove off the invaders by a brilliant sortie. The harbor was partly cleared, though it was never again as good as before; and the faithful little town was officially made a military and naval post, with fuller protection on the part of the royal troops.

But Henry III, two years after this, was assassinated, and the right to the throne passed to the gallant and popular Henry of Navarre.

Henry, however, was a Protestant; and the Catholic Guises, a powerful ducal family, aided by Philip of Spain, seized on this fact to claim the crown for the Cardinal de Bourbon, uncle of the King of Navarre. Bourbon was old, and the plan was to have him succeeded by one of the Guises, the Duke of Mayenne.

"The knight of the white plume" had therefore to fight for his rights. All the Protestants in France were with him. Many Catholics, too, joined his standard; for while they disapproved his religion, they acknowledged the right of his claim to the throne; and, moreover, they had no desire to further the machinations of the King of Spain in his efforts to get a military grip on their country.

Samuel de Champlain, Catholic though he was, was one who felt thus; and so did the fighting governor of Brouage, D'Espinay de St. Luc. The latter hastened to offer his services to the King of Navarre. This was Champlain's opportunity. He was now in his early twenties, and burning to try his hand at the game of war. St. Luc doubtless knew of the family, and may well have formed a liking for the alert, well-built, good-looking young fellow; and soon we find Champlain in the army of Navarre, serving under Marshal d'Aumont, St. Luc's brother-in-law.

Almost at the first of the nine-years' war which now began came a stroke of good fortune for Henry. Forced to retire from the vicinity of Paris, he fell back into Normandy; and there he found a stanch adherent in old Aymar de Chastes, governor of the town and castle of Dieppe, a knight-commander, and a nobleman of high character and much influence. De Chastes declared for Navarre, and threw Dieppe and the neighboring country to his support. This gave Henry and his followers new heart. With Dieppe behind them, they could fight with effect, as one fights with his back to a stone wall. They turned and met the advancing Leaguers at Arques, three miles from Dieppe, and gained a signal victory.

That Champlain took part in this battle is highly probable, for his superior officer, D'Aumont, fought in it. Furthermore, we find De Chastes later the firm friend and patron of Champlain; and one may conjecture that this acquaintance, which continued and strengthened till De Chastes's death, fourteen years after, was begun in the encampment of the army near Dieppe, and cemented in the brilliant conflict at Arques.

In the next year, 1590, at Ivry, Henry gained another important victory; and from that time, his prestige and power increased rapidly. He

abjured Protestantism, thus removing, in the view of thousands of devout Catholics, the only objection to his claim to the throne. The step made Champlain his still more ardent supporter. The young soldier from Brouage was distinguishing himself. Philip II had sent Spanish troops into France, overland from the Netherlands and also by sea from Spain. These were to aid the Holy League, and reenforce the Duke of Mayenne, who, the Cardinal de Bourbon having died, now took up the claim to the crown. Henry had thus both Frenchmen and Spaniards to fight. In the end, the Spaniards proved the more obstinate foes; and in the latter years of the war, they stubbornly held Brittany, where, together with the army of the Duke de Mercoeur, a brother-in-law of the late king, Henry III, they kept the troops of Navarre actively engaged.

It was in Brittany that Champlain fought. He served first, as was said, under D'Aumont, and was doubtless in the battle of Ivry, as well as of Arques. D'Aumont was afterward killed by a musket-shot at the siege of Camper in upper Brittany in 1595, and St. Luc, his lieutenant-general, succeeded to the command. Champlain, who had risen to be quartermaster, thus found himself serving under his old Brouage governor—a circumstance doubtless

agreeable to both, with former associations as something of a common bond between them. St. Luc, after being promoted to the head of the artillery service, was himself killed by a Spanish cannon-shot while before Amiens in 1597. Champlain now came under a third general, Marshal Charles de Brissac, who had been governor of Paris, and who, three years before, had opened the gates of that city to Henry, as Aymar de Chastes had opened the gates of Dieppe. Under De Brissac, Champlain continued to serve to the close of the war.

Finally the obstinate struggle was ended. Henry of Navarre was recognized as Henry IV of France. Mayenne and his army surrendered, and the land was at peace. France was about to enter on a period of unexampled prosperity.

CHAPTER II

THE MAKING OF A SAILOR

1598–1601

The army in Brittany was mustered out. The Spanish soldiers there were brought together at the port of Blavet, since called Port Louis, an old fortified Breton town, to await transports to carry them to their own land.

Samuel Champlain was now about thirty. Active service had strengthened him and made him able to withstand hardship. His work as quartermaster in outfitting and provisioning large bodies of troops had made him self-reliant. He was able to direct men and to accept large responsibility. The young lieutenant had enjoyed his military experiences extremely. But now that chapter was closed. There was to be no more fighting in France for many a year. He had outgrown the provincial life of his native town, and could not go back there to sail a lumbering trading schooner up and down the French coasts, or

to captain a fishing-smack to Newfoundland. Yet his love for the sea was as keen as ever.

That seafaring uncle of his, "the Provençal Captain," as it happened, had just been engaged by the officers of Philip as a pilot-general for the transportation home of the Spanish troops in France; and he came to Blavet, with a small fleet of French merchant vessels which he had collected, prepared to embark the soldiers. When Champlain learned of this, he perceived at once a fine opportunity for an interesting cruise and new adventures. He would go with his uncle to Spain. Perhaps there he might find an opportunity to make a trip to the Spanish West Indies in the New World. Rumor had told alluring tales of the tropic beauty and the incredible riches of these islands and the mainland of Mexico; but to visit them was not easy for any but Spaniards, for Philip jealously excluded all foreign travel and trade. Champlain's hope was that, aided by his uncle's new position, he might find means of taking passage on one of the ships of the small flotilla which Spain yearly sent out to her Western possessions.

At Blavet Champlain found a bustling scene —a scene alike of order and disorder. His recent commander, Marshal de Brissac, was superintending the embarkation of the sol-

diery—a difficult and vexatious task, then as now. De Brissac was aided by a Spanish official, General Soubriago, who had been sent from Spain for that purpose. In the harbor lay the vessels, large and small, into which the soldiers were being sorted by companies and small detachments. Champlain had no difficulty in finding his uncle's ship, the St. Julian. It was conspicuous in size, being of five hundred tons burden, which was very large for those days; "a strong vessel, and a good sailer," Champlain says, from subsequent experience. He had a hearty greeting from the old seaman, her commander, who had always liked his nephew and was now rather proud of him, and who proved more than glad to have his company on the voyage and to utilize his nautical skill.

The work of embarkation was over at last, and De Brissac must have felt relief and profound satisfaction when his task was completed, and he saw the transports bearing the detested Spaniards, so lately the bitter enemies of his king, hoist sail, raise anchor, and slowly pass out of the harbor. It was August, 1598. Now at last his country was to have calm and rest for a time; and he himself, presently to be made a duke, might look forward to a score and more of years of leisure and honor, ere

he should die in peace on his own estates of Brissac in Anjou.

Champlain's long-felt eagerness for sea-travel was now to be gratified. What keen satisfaction he must have felt, as he paced the broad deck of his uncle's vessel, or aided in the responsible task of ordering the course of the fleet that implicitly followed! This—like the rough outdoor army life in wide Brittany—was indeed living. No stuffy recluse's life for Champlain! No dull merchandizing in a provincial town, no moralizing in a secluded convent. Not even the gay if empty life of a courtier in Paris would have contented him for long; though, with his soldierly figure and handsome face, his tact and good temper and cheerful disposition, and his education, which was very creditable for those days, he would assuredly have been made a court favorite and might have tasted pleasure to the fullest. He wanted action, novelty, a full, free life; he wanted to accomplish things, to strike out new paths, to make an honorable name for himself as a pioneer and leader, in those times of fascinating discovery.

Almost at the outset, an adventure befell the fleet. Ten days after leaving Blavet, they were enveloped in a dense fog off Cape Finisterre. The vessels were separated, and the one which

carried General Soubriago ran on a rock and sprang a bad leak. Danger threatened the other ships also. Fortunately the fog lifted during the following day. The pilot was able to collect his fleet again, and signaled to make sail for Bayona, on the Galician coast just south of them, where they spent six days repairing the damages done to the general's ship.

Rounding Cape Vincent, they proceeded to Cadiz. This was their destination, and here the transports disembarked the troops. It was Champlain's first visit to a foreign city. We may readily picture the intense interest with which he explored the picturesque Cadiz streets, noting with observant eyes the appearance and manners of the people, and beginning the first of his long collection of free-hand sketches and carefully drawn maps.

The French vessels were now to return home. But General Soubriago had noted the St. Julian as an exceptionally stanch and swift vessel. He proposed to Champlain's uncle to remain for the present, with the ship, in the service of Spain. Champlain himself was of course delighted. He had been hoping for some happening of this kind. They remained for an entire month at Cadiz, and when not busy with his duties on board ship, he roamed through

the town and made excursions into the neighboring country.

From Cadiz, the Provençal pilot was ordered to San Lucar de Barrameda, a little to the north of Cadiz, where the Guadalquivir flows down to the sea. Here the St. Julian lay for three months, and Champlain had opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the town and its vicinity. He also made a trip up the river to Seville.

He had already begun to write a narrative of his journey. This was for the perusal of King Henry and his ministers; and the manuscript seems to have been afterward presented to Champlain's good friend Aymar de Chastes, the sturdy old governor of Dieppe. After having been lost to sight for two hundred and fifty years, this manuscript came anew to light in Dieppe, about 1855—an important discovery, which filled out many missing facts in Champlain's life. The narrative is illustrated with numerous sketch-maps and pen-drawings which add greatly to its interest and value.

All his life, Champlain continued this invaluable habit of diary-keeping and map-making; and it is thus to his own writings that the world owes most of its knowledge of his career, as well as many authoritative descriptions of primitive races and customs of the

New World. His drawings and sketches, while they seem crude to modern eyes, really show an ability in draughtsmanship rather remarkable in a man of affairs, or indeed in almost any one of that era; and his maps, always as detailed and exact as he could possibly make them, evidence a painstakingness and close observation which were characteristic of the man.

At San Lucar, the royal flotilla which made yearly trips to the West Indies was fitting out; and Champlain, while the St. Julian lay in port, must often have cast envious eyes at the strong galleons preparing to sail, destined to return laden with the rich annual tribute of spices and sugar from the islands and of precious metals from the mines of Peru. At this time a most opportune thing occurred. "There arrived," writes Champlain, "by command of the king, a noble named Don Francisque Colombe, a Knight of Malta, to be general of the armament. Seeing our vessel prepared and ready for service, and knowing by the report which had been made to him that it was strong and very good under sail for its burthen, he resolved to make use of it, and take it at the ordinary freight, which is one crown per ton a month. So that I had occasion to rejoice, seeing my hopes revive—and the more so, that the Provençal Captain, my uncle, having been

retained by General Soubriago to serve elsewhere, and thus not being able to make the voyage, committed to me the charge of the ship, to have the care of it, which I accepted very willingly. Upon that, we sought the said Seigneur, General Colombe, to know if he would have it for agreeable that I should make the voyage; which he freely granted, with evidence of being well pleased, promising me his favor and assistance, which he has not since denied me on occasion.'' [1]

Our young adventurer might well again felicitate himself upon his good luck. The fates were evidently favorable to his ambitions.

The flotilla set sail early in January, 1599. A transatlantic voyage was a long affair, three hundred years ago. Steadily westward the galleons sailed, occasionally vexed by semi-tropical storms, but for the most part having favoring winds; yet over two months elapsed before they found themselves among the Windward Isles of the Caribbean.

Here they were indeed in a new world—a world of strange native races, of unfamiliar

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[1] This and a few others of the passages in this book quoted from Champlain's own writings are from translations in the Memoir of Champlain by Alice Wilmere, published by the Hakluyt Society. The rest have been newly translated.

flora and fauna, of novel sights everywhere. Champlain's pen and pencil found full employment. Passing the little island of Deseade, the first land sighted, the voyagers made their initial landing on Guadeloupe—seeking fresh water, which they may very well have needed, after nearly seventy days at sea. They spent three days in the small harbor of Macou, glad of a few walks and climbs on shore after the confinement of ship life; filled their casks with drinking water, and brought on board divers new and curious fruits. Here they caught their first glimpses of the island aborigines—fully three hundred of them; but it was a distant glimpse, for "they fled into the mountains at our approach," says Champlain, "without it being in our power to overtake them—any one of them being more quick in running than any of our men who tried to overtake them."

Unless Champlain has made an error in the order of his itinerary, the St. Julian, after coasting the Virgin Islands, turned abruptly southward to Margarita, an island just off the Venezuelan coast, where our voyager was much interested in the pearl-fisheries for which the place was and still is a center. "Every day," he records, "more than three hundred canoes leave the harbor, and go about a league to sea to fish for pearls, in ten or

twelve fathoms water. The fishing is done by negroes, slaves of the king of Spain, who take a little basket under their arm, and with it plunge to the bottom of the sea, and fill it with ostrormes, which resemble oysters; then go up again into their canoes, and return to port to discharge them, in a spot destined for that purpose where officers of the king of Spain receive them.''

As was his wont, Champlain drew a map of the island, and also made a very creditable picture of the diving scene he describes.

It is highly probable that this visit to Margarita came later in their two years' sojourn in these lands; for the next point visited was San Juan in Porto Rico, which is in close proximity to the Virgin Islands.

San Juan, a hitherto flourishing Spanish colony, was found in ruins, owing to a recent descent of the English under the Earl of Cumberland. Approaching with twelve ships, he had made a secret landing, and had surprised and captured the garrison of the fort. He had carried off the leading merchants, designing to depopulate the town and later repeople it with English colonists; had pillaged the place of sugar, hides, and gold and silver, and had taken away its fifty pieces of artillery. General Colombe was in no little consternation at

seeing the magnitude of this calamity. However, he promptly set about the work of rebuilding. He summoned from the mountains those of the inhabitants who had fled there for refuge and were still hiding in panic. He provided soldiers, cannon, and new supplies from his fleet, and in a month's time he had repaired much of the mischief done.

Champlain was often ashore. He had a faculty of making friends with the native races—a faculty which afterward proved of the greatest value in his intercourse with the Indian tribes in Canada. He tasted all the strange fruits, such as shaddocks, plantains, papaws, and the like; caught some of the little chameleons which abound in the West Indies, and which he mistakenly represents as having only two legs each;[1] and made inquiries about the chief Porto Rican products, sugar, ginger, molasses, tobacco, and hides. He constructed a map of the island, partly from examination and partly from the descriptions of the inhabitants.

We have not space minutely to follow our active French captain through his travels in the Spanish main. At San Juan the fleet divided, and the St. Julian, with two other ships and some despatch-boats, visited San Do-

[1] The sketch was doubtless made afterward from memory.

mingo, having a little brush there with some French vessels which were attempting contraband trade. They next coasted along part of the south shore of Cuba, past Santiago, and touched for a time at the Cayman Islands, where they amused themselves catching rabbits and fishing for porgies. One hardly knows whether to regard the voyage as a business-like naval expedition or as a leisurely pleasure cruise. It seems to have been an odd combination of both. Time was of less account then than now, and doubtless their sailing-orders were not very imperative.

Their most important destination, however, now lay before them—the land of Mexico; and they set sail again westward, passing the peninsula of Yucatan, and at length dropped anchor in a harbor on the mainland coast, near the present port of Vera Cruz. Here they were to stay for some time. After his ship and shore duties were attended to, Champlain obtained permission from the admiral to make a journey inland to the city of Mexico itself. He is enthusiastic over the beauty of the country; admires the forests with their rare woods, the birds of bright plumage, the spreading plains with their herds of cattle, horses, and sheep, the fertile agricultural lands, and the fine climate. "But all the contentment I had felt

at the sight of things so agreeable," he says, " was but little in regard to that which I experienced when I beheld that beautiful city of Mexico, which I did not suppose to be so superbly built, with splendid temples, palaces, and fine houses; and the streets well laid out, where are seen the large and handsome shops of the merchants, full of all sorts of very rich merchandise."

Here our traveler spent an entire month, full of novel sights and experiences. He acquired a vast amount of information. He appears to have talked with everybody—Spanish soldiers and priests, resident merchants, and the natives of the country. He was a born interviewer. His observations were at first-hand wherever practicable, and most of his statements are well sifted and accurate. All that he learned, he wrote down in his narrative. He gives elaborate accounts of the vegetable and animal products of the country. Occasionally he is rather ludicrously misled by the reports of others, as where he tells gravely of " dragons of strange figure, having the head approaching to that of an eagle, the wings like those of a bat, the body like a lizard, and with only two somewhat large feet; the tail scaly, and it is as large as a sheep; they are not dangerous, and do no harm to anybody,

though to see them you would say the contrary.''

A more possible, though perhaps not more probable, story is his account of a native mode of fishing with hermit-crabs on the coasts of this country. '' There is a small kind of animal like a crawfish, excepting that they have the hinder parts devoid of shell; but they have this property—of seeking the empty shells of snails and lodging therein the part which is uncovered, dragging the shell always after them and only to be dislodged by force. The fishermen collect these little beasts in the woods, and make use of them for fishing; and when they wish to catch fish, having taken the little animals from the shell, they attach them by the middle of the body to their lines, instead of hooks, then throw them into the sea, and when the fish think to swallow them, they seize the fish with their two powerful claws and will not let them go; and by these means the fishermen catch fish of the weight even of five or six pounds.''

In the main, however, our author is not unduly credulous, and tells far fewer '' travelers' tales '' than might have been expected in that era of easy belief and limited knowledge. He writes both entertainingly and discerningly of the native tribes, their appearance, habits, and

superstitions; and, as usual, fully illustrates his accounts. He is particularly interested in Spain's manner of treating these races, evidently perceiving in his own mind "how not to do it." He draws interesting sketches of the early Spanish method of persuasion in religious matters—a method that had to be considerably modified before it became efficacious with the obstinate Mexicans.

Returning to Vera Cruz, Champlain now took the St. Julian to the Isthmus of Panama, anchoring at Porto Bello, near the present Aspinwall. He pronounced this a decidedly disagreeable region, rainy, hot, and fever-giving. The isthmus route overland was almost as important then as now, all the riches from Spanish Peru being brought by ship to Panama, and thence taken across on muleback to be laden on home-bound galleons. With our explorer's usual energy, he crossed to the other side of the isthmus, and viewed the Pacific Ocean from Panama Harbor.

"One may judge," he writes in a remarkable passage, "that if the four leagues of land which there are from Panama to the [Chagres] river were cut through, one might pass from the south sea to the ocean on the other side, and thus shorten the route by more than fifteen hundred leagues; and from Panama to the

Strait of Magellan would be an island, and from Panama to the New-found lands would be another island, so that the whole of America would be in two islands.''

Champlain was not, as some have supposed, the first writer to make this suggestion of an interoceanic canal; though he none the less deserves credit for making it. The idea must often have occurred to the Spanish officials who had charge of the heavy isthmian traffic. As early as 1550 a Portuguese navigator named Antonio Galvao prepared a report indicating no less than four different routes; and his idea was taken up, a year later, by the Spanish historian Lopez Gomara, who pressed it unavailingly on the attention of the Emperor Charles V. Later, a Biscayan pilot named Gongueseche is said to have urged the matter on the Spanish government under Philip II. His plan was to utilize the Atrato River, which flows into the Gulf of Darien, by connecting it with Cupica Bay on the south side of the isthmus. Philip even appointed two Flemish engineers to make a survey of the route; but partly because of their unfavorable report, and partly because of reasons of state connected with the mining monopoly, the king, by advice of the Council for the Indies, disapproved the plan, and went so far as to forbid any

of his subjects to propose it again on pain of death!

After a month's stay at Porto Bello, the stout St. Julian made her way back to Vera Cruz for a brief stop, and then with her companion vessels went to Havana, narrowly escaping shipwreck on the Yucatan coast in a violent hurricane. At Havana the entire flotilla was to unite, to proceed homeward in company. A long stay of four months was made here, Champlain undertaking meanwhile a little trip in another vessel to Cartagena in Colombia. Returning to Cuba, he wrote a lively and interesting description of the island and its people, embellished as usual with sketches and a map. He was especially impressed with Havana's fine harbor, and mentions Morro Fortress, which was even then in existence and capable of holding a garrison of four hundred men.

Finally, early in 1601, the fleet's leisurely itinerary was completed, and the galleons sailed for home, convoyed by the war-vessels, and richly laden with treasure and the much-prized products of the tropics. Two further adventures awaited them—one, a severe tempest in mid-ocean, and the other a sharp little encounter on the part of the fighting vessels with two English war-ships off Cape St. Vin-

cent. The Englishmen were captured, and with these additional prizes the flotilla proudly sailed into the mouth of the Guadalquivir, and dropped anchor, after a total absence of two years and two months.

CHAPTER III

THE EXPLORERS OF NEW FRANCE

1601–1603

The second chapter of Champlain's life was closed. He had found it quite as interesting as the first. He was now "soldier and sailor too." What should be his next rôle? He was in the prime of early manhood. His body was sound, his mind was keen, his character lofty, his experience varied and valuable. He was truly a man for "high emprise."

And it was as truly a time for high emprise. France was taking new courage under Henry IV. Her wounds were healing, her health and strength were coming back to her almost as by magic. Even the two years since Champlain's departure had wrought wonders. The nation was joyous with fresh hope and fresh energy. Its people were ready for new adventures on the world's broad stage.

Following his arrival in Spain, Champlain was doubtless detained for several months be-

fore he could return to his own country. There was his ship to unload; his report to the Spanish authorities to make; perhaps his pilot-uncle to seek out, in order to pay over the government subsidy agreed on by the authorities for the use of the vessel—"one crown per ton per month," which, as the St. Julian was of five hundred tons burden and had been chartered for upward of two years, made a sum of money approximating eight thousand dollars, equal, according to Gravier's scale of computation, to about seven times that sum at the present day. It was probably the end of the year (1601) before Champlain found himself in France again. He had with him the narrative of his trip, carefully written out, and illustrated in colors by his own hand. He proceeded to Paris, where he rendered to the king a full account of the journey, describing with minuteness the successful colonizing and treasure-getting methods of the Spaniards. No such full report of the mysterious and closely guarded secrets of the Spanish main had ever before come to the knowledge of the French authorities; and its interest and value were at once perceived. The king, always quick to discern merit, formed a personal liking for the straightforward and enterprising traveler, and out of the royal funds, not then too abun-

dant, settled on Champlain a small but assured life income to enable him to live at court.

Thus our adventurer, by the irony of a too friendly fate, found himself apparently enmeshed in the life he was most of all unwilling to lead—the idle life of a royal courtier. Perhaps he did not for a time find it so irksome as he had supposed it to be. He was of course something of a lion, after his West Indian wanderings and the subsequent marks of royal favor; and his personality was of a kind to win friends. He became intimate with Lord Charles de Montmorency, Admiral of France, to whom he dedicated his first printed volume, two years later; he renewed, it may be supposed, his acquaintance with his old commander, de Brissac; and he doubtless met many others of his fellow officers of the Brittany campaign, exchanging animated reminiscences of those stirring days. But especially he cemented his friendship with one of the most prominent personages in that campaign—brave old Aymar de Chastes, who had opened to the king the gates of Dieppe, and had fought with him loyally at Arques and Ivry. De Chastes was a noted and noble character, who had long warred for his country both on land and sea, who had filled important offices of state under successive reigns, and who, in spite

of his gray hairs, felt no more inclined than did the younger Champlain to pass his future years in uneventful repose. In fact, he was revolving in mind a momentous project at the very time when Champlain returned from Spain; and he eagerly summoned the newcomer from Paris to Dieppe to talk it over, rightly judging that he might prove invaluable in aiding to carry the project into execution.

This project was nothing less than to found a permanent French colony on the continent of North America.

Though the New World had been discovered more than a hundred years before, Europe—with the sole exception of Spain—had still no footing upon it. There had been numerous voyages of exploration on the part of other nations, and occasional attempts to effect settlements; the former had succeeded, the latter had not. The opportunity was open; and France, now at rest from civil strife, and waxing strong and confident again, might yet be the first to lay firm hold of that vast new land.

This was De Chastes's ambition—truly no small one for a man who had already rounded out a life full of activities and honors, and who now might well, in these new, glad years

of peace and fruition, enjoy his remaining days in tranquillity.

Champlain, we may be sure, was ready enough to be fired with such a project. It was exactly along the lines of his own ardent tastes, and De Chastes found the hardy voyager a man after his own heart. One can see the two men, the younger on a visit to the older, spending winter evenings before the huge fire of logs in the great hall of the castle of Dieppe, drinking hot spiced wine and eagerly talking of colonization adventures in the New World. Champlain could contribute much information and advice that was of value out of his fund of experiences in the Spanish colonies; he presented to his friend the manuscript narrative of his travels among those colonies, and the old governor conned with the closest interest its maps and its graphic pictures of scenes and people.

Previous attempts on the part of Frenchmen to explore a portion of the vast Western continent were familiar both to Champlain and De Chastes. They recalled, first of all, the three voyages of Jacques Cartier, made between sixty and seventy years before. All France knew of those famous voyages and felt a pride in them. Samuel must often have heard them talked about in his boyhood in

Brouage, and must have listened to sage and salty old seamen who could perhaps tell of having met the great explorer in person in some coastwise port and of having heard from his own lips an account of his adventures. It was in 1534 that Cartier made his first voyage. Sent out by Francis I with two small vessels, he followed the track of the French and Basque fishing craft which already for many years had sailed regularly to the Banks for cod. Passing on beyond their farthest limits of operations, he sighted Newfoundland, bore adventurously in through the Strait of Belle Isle, and found himself in the great gulf afterward named for St. Lawrence. He spent two months and more exploring this unknown inland sea; sighted and named numerous islands and harbors, entered a large bay which he called the Baie des Chaleurs, made acquaintance with various native tribes of the mainland, and set up on the coast of Gaspé a wooden cross thirty-four feet in height with the inscription, "Vive le Roi de France!" Then he sailed homeward again, with much to tell that would interest his countrymen, and with two kidnaped Indians to testify to its truth.

In the following year he made another voyage, pushing his way up the St. Lawrence as

far as the site of the future Montreal; but this trip was less favored than the last, for Cartier experimented on spending a winter in the country, lost a quarter of his men by exposure and scurvy, and was thankful to take the first opportunity in the spring to make his way home. Six years after, he made a third journey, in connection with one Sieur de Roberval, who had a desire to found a colony in those new lands; but this plan utterly failed of accomplishment, and France did not meddle with the Western continent again for a half century and more.

The events that had especially set De Chastes to thinking were two very recent renewals of these long-past undertakings to explore and claim the great river of Canada for France. The first of these recent attempts had been made just three years previously, in 1598[1]—the year when Henry had finally gained a lasting peace for his long-troubled country, and when Champlain was at work aiding to embark the last remnant of the invading Spanish troops at Blavet. Henry was grateful to all who had aided him in his arduous fight for the throne; particularly, perhaps,

[1] Some authorities, such as Bergeron, DeCourcy, and Ferland, believe the date of this attempt to have been twenty years earlier, in 1578.

to his powerful supporters in Brittany, where the fighting had been hardest and had lasted the longest, and where timely aid had meant most to him. Accordingly, when a loyal Breton nobleman, the Marquis de la Roche, asked of the king the right to the vice-sovereignty over the distant and savage land once told of by Cartier, it was very readily granted to him. His plan was to form a colony for trade and settlement; but instead of seeking to form it of "brave men and free," he had recourse to the prisons, filling his vessel with convicts, who were assuredly not the stuff wherewith to build a new empire. De la Roche's enterprise had a disastrous ending. Crossing the ocean, south of Cartier's route, the first land he sighted was Sable Island, a dreary and wind-swept sand waste off the coast of Nova Scotia; and here, for some reason, he made haste to land his would-be colonists—forty in all. Perhaps they had proved too turbulent a set to travel with farther in safety. The marquis himself, in a bark, with a small crew, sailed on to explore the mainland and find a suitable spot for a settlement. But a fierce and prolonged westerly tempest frustrated his whole plan. His vessel was so small that, as De la Roche afterward told a friend, Poitrincourt, he could by leaning over the side wash his

hands in the sea. It could only run before the storm. Day after day, under bare poles or with but a rag of canvas set for headway, the craft was blown eastwardly across the waters, until its sailors were glad to be able to make a hazardous landing on their own native coast.

De Chastes and Champlain of course knew of this voyage; but they did not then know its dramatic and tragic sequel, which indeed had not yet been enacted. De la Roche appears to have fallen into political difficulties immediately on his return to his country. His fortune was impaired by his expedition, his privileges were curtailed by various intrigues, and he himself was for a time imprisoned; and the poor wretches on Sable Island were perforce left to their fate. It was not until at least five[1] years after their marooning that the government, realizing their fearful plight, sent out a relief vessel to find them and bring them back. The rescuers found a scene of suffering and horror. Of the twoscore men scarce a dozen remained alive; the rest had died of hardship and hunger, or had been killed in brutal quarrels. For food, the castaways had had only fish, supplemented for a time by a few stray cattle found on the island, sur-

[1] Lescarbot says five years; Champlain, seven.

vivors of some previous shipwreck; for clothing, the skins of seals; for shelter, some weather-beaten timbers from former wrecks. With wild eyes, and with unkempt hair and beards, they looked, as an old chronicler vividly says, like river-gods of yore, and so they seemed to the king when they were brought before him. Henry did what he could to recompense these ex-convicts for their terrible experiences; he gave them each a sum of money, and set them free forever from all further process of law.

Following this ill-fated expedition came another and more promising one.

On the northern coast of Brittany there is a rugged old town whose people have for centuries been foremost in all the maritime enterprises of France, whether as fishers, traders, fighters, or explorers. They were hardy, venturesome, pertinacious. It was to St. Malo that Jacques Cartier belonged, and it was from that port that he sailed. It was St. Malo that contributed a large proportion of the fleet of daring fishing craft which set forth each spring to cross the rough Atlantic and fish for cod off the Banks of Newfoundland. If there was marine adventure in hand, St. Malo was wont to bear a leading part in it.

One of the prominent men in the ancient sea-

port, at the time of which we are telling, was a bluff and jovial individual known as the Sieur François du Pont Gravé, or Pontgravé. He was a ship-owner and master mariner, and also a shrewd merchant and man of affairs. He was about forty-five or fifty years of age; hardy, not afraid of labor or danger, always fond of a good story or a glass of prime Bordeaux claret; in fine, an excellent companion for a long voyage or a lifetime of earnest work. He was married, his wife's name being Christine Martin; and they had two children, Robert and Jeanne. For a quarter of a century this man, a leading and attractive figure in Canada's early history, was to navigate the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence in the small vessels of the time, aiding to upbuild New France, braving, as Gravier well summarizes it, the storms of ocean and the perils of the great river, fogs, icebergs, famines, the constant danger from pirates, and mutinies among his own crews.

Pontgravé had already made several cruises to Canada, where he carried on a trade in furs with the Indians; and he foresaw large profits in a monopoly of that trade, if such could be secured. He himself had not the requisite influence at court; but there was another St. Malouin whom he knew, the Sieur Chauvin de

Ponthuict,[1] a taciturn naval captain who had served with credit on the king's side in the war and who had influential friends in the court circle. Pontgravé proposed to him to try to obtain a royal concession granting the sole rights to the fur trade for a term of years; and Chauvin, who saw much gain in the plan, succeeded in doing so. The expedition which the two at once (1600) organized was successful from a business point of view. The profits were considerable, although thirteen of the sixteen men whom Chauvin left at Tadoussac for the winter died of cold and hardship. In the following year Chauvin sent over a vessel with equal pecuniary success. He made another voyage himself in 1602, but contracted an illness on the trip which caused his death early in the following year, and the concession lapsed.

This was the state of affairs that had awakened the interest of De Chastes. He asked for and obtained the vacant concession. There was little that Henry would not have granted to this tried and faithful friend. But De Chastes had no selfish purposes. His conception was wider and higher than that of Chauvin. As

[1] Dionne, following Bréard, says that Chauvin was not a St. Malouin, as stated by Champlain, but had been born in Dieppe and was a resident of Honfleur.

a patriot he had at heart the extending of the empire; and as a devout Catholic, the spread of the church. He resolved, says Champlain, to proceed to America in person, " and dedicate the remainder of his life to the service of his God and of his king, by fixing his residence and living and dying there gloriously."

De Chastes had communicated with Pontgravé, who, by virtue of his experience in previous trips to Canada, was obviously the one to lead a new expedition. The St. Malouin shipowner was found entirely ready to take the affair in hand. " As the expenses were very great "—we will let Champlain himself tell of the matter—" the Sieur de Chastes " (doubtless on Pontgravé's shrewd advice) " formed a company with several gentlemen and with the principal merchants of Rouen and other places, on certain conditions; this being done, vessels were prepared, as well for the execution of the main design as for discovery and peopling the country.

" Going from time to time to see the said Sieur de Chastes, judging that I might serve him in his design, he did me the honor, as I have said, to communicate something of it to me, and asked me if it would be agreeable to me to make the voyage, to examine the country and see what those engaged in the undertaking

should do. I told him that I was very much his servant, but that I could not give myself license to undertake the voyage without the commands of the king, to whom I was bound as well by birth as by the pension with which his majesty had honored me to maintain myself near his person; but that if it should please him to speak to the king about it and give me his commands, it would be very agreeable to me; which he promised and did, and received the king's orders for me to make the voyage and make a faithful report thereof."

The forming of the new company and the outfitting of the expedition occupied the whole of the year 1602; and it was not until early in the spring following that all was in readiness. The place of departure was Honfleur, a quaint old port near the wide mouth of the Seine, opposite Havre. There Champlain made acquaintance with Captain Pontgravé—a man with whom he was to be closely associated, in discovery, danger, and accomplishment, for twenty-five years. The two men were friends from the start. Champlain's feeling for Pontgravé, indeed, ripened into a real affection, and he himself later writes that he felt toward him as a son to a father.

CHAPTER IV

CHAMPLAIN ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

1603

It was on the fifteenth day of March, 1603, that the destined founder of New France first set sail for the country in which he was later to play so great a part. The start was unpropitious. A gale was blowing out in the Channel, and the voyagers were forced to put into Havre until the next day. Then they set forth again on the long journey. Courage and endurance were required in order to cross the Atlantic in those times. The vessels were small—scarcely more than river craft; they were cramped and ill-arranged, and of course very slow. During nearly two months, the two ships—the Bonne Renommée, commanded by Captain Pontgravé, and the Françoise, commanded by a Captain Prévert, also of St. Malo—worked their uncertain way over the waters, now tossed by storm, now threatened by ice, now wrapped in impenetrable fog. However,

all this afforded Pontgravé and Champlain, thus newly yet intimately brought together, the best of chances to become acquainted with each other. Burly Pontgravé, we may be sure, wove interesting tales for his younger companion out of the experiences he had had with Chauvin in the regions which they were approaching. He could spin other yarns, too, this jolly shipmate—yarns of accidents and adventures that had befallen him or other bold sailors of St. Malo; capping a good story with a hearty laugh and a sounding slap on his listener's knee. Champlain on his part had also good store of tales to tell—tales likewise of the New World which they were nearing, but of a part of it so different from the northern solitudes which Pontgravé knew, so glowing with tropical vigor, as to seem almost of another and different continent. Champlain could speak in addition of war, and of its incidents, humorous or tragic; and he too liked a joke and could tell a humorous anecdote, as is often evidenced in his writings.

There were on board two passengers who must have aided to beguile the passage. These were Indians, natives of a Montagnais or Algonquin tribe, whom Pontgravé had brought with him to France on a previous trip. They do not appear to have been kidnaped, as were

Cartier's natives, but to have gone of their own will. They had been taken before the king, in Paris, and had been well treated; and Pontgravé counted on them as valuable interpreters in his coming trade with their countrymen. We may presume that Champlain, eager to learn, was quick to make their acquaintance and win their confidence while on shipboard. He had always a remarkable faculty of gaining the affection and trust of the natives, as Frontenac had years later—a faculty invaluable through the whole of his career. Through the medium of the broken French which these two savages had picked up while in France, Champlain doubtless set himself to learn what he could of their language; and probably, despite Pontgravé's good-natured banter, made not a little progress with words and phrases during the long days of the voyage.

It was not till the seventh of May that they sighted land. They were off the southern coast of Newfoundland, at the entrance to the St. Lawrence Gulf. Bearing still westward day by day, they passed into the gulf, between Newfoundland and Cape Breton Isle; kept on into sight of Anticosti, the great, desolate island which stands like a grim sentinel at the portals of the St. Lawrence River; and then, following the high shores of Gaspé, passed on

into the river, and finally, on the twenty-sixth of May, entered the port of Tadoussac at the mouth of the Saguenay. They had been seventy-five days on the voyage.

Tadoussac was an unexcelled spot for trade, as Pontgravé had already found; and trade was as important to the expedition as was exploration. There had been heavy expenses, which De Chastes's company had not incurred without looking for reimbursement and profit. It was therefore the plan to leave a number of men here for the summer to barter for skins; while Pontgravé and Champlain were free to go on up the river, in a small bark built for the purpose, and follow up the old track of Cartier.

As the anchors were dropped, it was seen that the chances for immediate and busy traffic were bright. The long, high point across the Saguenay from Tadoussac was alive with Indians, who lost little time in paddling out to the ships in their birch-bark canoes, shouting up their raucous welcomes to Pontgravé and to their two traveled countrymen in his care. These Indians were tribes of the Algonquin family, one of the two great race divisions of eastern North America. The other family was that of the Iroquois, who lived in what is now the State of New York; and it

was a recent victory against some of the Iroquois that these Algonquins—a thousand of them, men, women, and children—had assembled to celebrate.

After landing at Tadoussac, the Frenchmen rowed over to pay them a visit of ceremony, taking along of course the two natives who had made the wonderful journey across the great water. Champlain must have looked with keen curiosity on the shouting, yelling horde who at once thronged about, comparing them with the far different races which he had seen in the West Indies. The visitors were invited to the large pole-and-bark cabin of the chief, where a feast was in preparation. Here, in the presence of eighty or a hundred braves, squatting in rows on opposite sides of the long cabin, the Algonquin chief made a long harangue of welcome to the French and declared amity and alliance. The two returned natives made harangues in return, telling of the amazing things they had beheld in France and of the power and wealth of its people; and the pipe of peace being solemnly handed around, Champlain was initiated into the mysteries of tobacco-smoking. These grave proceedings were followed by a feast and an Indian dance, which Champlain watched and afterward "wrote up" with evident enjoyment.

The Indians were clearly pleased with their new friends, for the next day they broke camp *en masse* and came across to Tadoussac to set up their cabins. A mingling of fur-trading and festivity now went on with much briskness. Champlain went about freely among the savages, and studied their ways with curiosity and care. He talked to them, partly through the two interpreters, partly by means of the few words he had already picked up; questioned them about their mode of living, noted their characteristics and customs, and interviewed them about their religious ideas. The chief told him that they really believed there was a God, who had made all things. "Then I asked him," he says, "since they believed in a God, how did he put them into the world, and whence came they? He answered me: 'After God had made all things, he took a number of arrows and put them into the ground, and men and women came out, who have multiplied in the world up to the present time; and it was thence they came.'" Champlain in return gave his version of the creation, but without making much impression. The savages seem to have found the tradition of creation from dust or a rib no easier to accept than that of creation from an arrow.

Champlain improved part of his three

weeks' stay at Tadoussac by making a trip of forty or fifty miles up the Saguenay. He admired the stream—" a fine river and of astonishing depth "—more than the country through which it flowed—"a most unattractive region, where I did not find a level league." He obtained from the Indians a very accurate description of the upper part of the river, and even gained a hint of " a sea which is salt " far to the north, destined to be afterward discovered by another explorer and to be called Hudson's Bay.

On the eighteenth of June, seeing the business side of their undertaking now well under way, Pontgravé and Champlain felt at liberty to start on their voyage of discovery up the St. Lawrence. Taking a number of the sailors, and some Indians who volunteered to be their guides, they set out in the small bark built expressly for this river trip. They moved along at a leisurely rate, Champlain noting on his map and in his journal each harbor, point, and island, and doing it so carefully that one can trace their exact route to-day. Four days after starting, they came to the beautiful cataract which Champlain named the Falls of Montmorency. The name was given in honor of his friend Montmorency in Paris, to whom also the journal of the trip itself was

afterward dedicated. A little later, they approached the towering cliffs at whose base our explorer was, five years later, to found the first enduring French colony in the new continent. The river suddenly contracted at this point, and the place was called in the language of the local tribes *Kebec*, which meant a narrowing. Here Cartier had found an Indian settlement, but there were no traces of it remaining. Pontgravé and Champlain, pausing in midstream to view the spot in passing, doubtless perceived even then the advantages of this imposing site for a fort and settlement; but their object at present was investigation, not colonization, so they pushed on.

A few days later found them at Three Rivers, which Champlain for the time liked even better than Quebec for a settlement. As far as this point, Pontgravé had come on previous trading trips; beyond, all was as new to him as the whole was to his lieutenant. They sailed steadily forward, passed through Lake St. Peter, explored for a short distance the River of the Iroquois, now the Richelieu, and at length reached the present site of Montreal, which Cartier had reached sixty-eight years before. The populous Iroquois town of Hochelaga found here by Cartier had now utterly disappeared; and there was only the solitude

of the wilderness and forest, guarded by the lofty hill which Cartier had climbed and had named Mount Royal—Mont Réal.

Up the river, confronting the travelers, the white fury of the great Lachine Rapids peremptorily barred the further progress of the bark. The Indians at Tadoussac had told Pontgravé of these rapids, and he had had a light skiff made and brought along, to be used at this point. Champlain and he, always foremost in bold undertakings, took their places in this skiff with some sailors and two or three of their Indian guides, and set out to ascend the rushing stream. But they soon found it to be impossible. The little skiff, tossed about, thrown against rocks, and nearly overturned, fought its way valiantly upward for a short distance; and then, as the waters grew fiercer, shooting angrily toward them from ledge to ledge and surging forward in menacing torrents, they were forced to give up the attempt. Landing, they went on foot along the shore for three miles, but found no smoother reach of the river; and at length, reluctantly retracing their way, they paddled back to the bark.

Champlain was much disappointed not to be able to push his explorations farther in this direction. He interrogated his Indian

guides minutely as to what lay beyond. Their account is of real interest, as illustrating the vague yet in the main correct knowledge which the eastern tribes had of the country west of them. They described the course of the river above them, rapid by rapid, and almost league by league; mentioned the lakes now known as St. Louis and St. Francis; told of a great lake "eighty leagues long"—one said "a hundred and fifty"—meaning Lake Ontario; then of "a fall somewhat high," which is the first known mention of Niagara;[1] next, of another great lake "sixty leagues long," referring to Lake Erie, at the end of which, they said, was a strait. They had never gone farther than this, but had heard of still another great lake beyond, so large that no man dared to venture upon it. Champlain was quite justified by the limited knowledge of his time in taking this to be the Pacific Ocean, or, as he called it, the South Sea, beyond which lay India.

All this was extremely interesting to our explorer, who made careful notes of all that he was told.

The river journey obviously could be pushed

[1] Some other Indians, shortly after, referring to the same fall, as Champlain reports, described it as one "which may be a league wide, where a very great quantity of water pours over." It was Champlain, and not Cartier, who first made mention of Niagara, as is clearly shown in a pamphlet by P. A. Porter.

no farther for the time being, and the party retraced their course to Tadoussac, having been absent about three weeks.

A trip was next undertaken eastward along the south shore of the river as far as Gaspé, the return being made along the north shore. This gave them an exhaustive knowledge of the entire St. Lawrence as far as navigable; and Champlain might well feel that the chief object of the expedition had been attained.

On the sixteenth of August, the Bonne Renommée, her hold filled with valuable furs, set sail homeward. Touching again at Gaspé, she was joined by the Françoise and Captain Prévert, who had been sent to explore the west coast of the gulf, and incidentally to locate a certain copper-mine of which the savages had told. He had a fluent tale to relate, which Champlain in after-years found out to be an unconscionable lie. He pretended to have made an arduous land journey, under Indian guidance, and to have come upon a veritable mountain of copper, "gleaming in the sunlight"; and in addition, to have found a mine of silver. This same romancing captain brought back also a tale of a remarkable tribe of natives, the Armouchiquois, of whom he had heard. They had, he declared, a most extraordinary form; their heads were small and their bodies short,

their arms and thighs like those of a skeleton, and their legs so long that when they were seated on the ground, their knees were more than half a foot above their heads. Not content with this, he gave a terrifying description of a monster called the Gougou, which was reputed to inhabit a certain island near the Baie des Chaleurs, and whose frightful howls and hissings he averred that he had himself heard when passing by in his vessel. This Gougou had the form of a woman and was of a hideous aspect; she was so tall that a vessel's masts would hardly reach to her waist; she had captured many savages, whom she put into a pocket vast enough to hold a ship, and whom she afterward devoured; and all natives lived in the greatest fear of her. Several Indians confirmed this narrative of the lively Prévert. Champlain set it all down as it was told to him, inclining to think the haunted island the abode of some devil, who tormented the natives as described. He has been more or less laughed at, in a kindly way, by subsequent writers, for giving such a tale the slightest credence. But it must be remembered that belief in devils and in the supernatural generally was common to every one in his time; the savages endorsed Prévert's story, which seems to have accorded with some tradition of their own; and Cham-

plain did not then know his inventive companion for the accomplished liar that he was.

The two ships had a favoring passage homeward. In a little over a month they sighted Havre, and crossing the river anchored safely at Honfleur.

CHAPTER V

A WINTER IN ACADIA

1604–1605

PONTGRAVÉ and Champlain, making haste to land, and eager to tell of their doings, were met by grievous tidings. Commander de Chastes was dead.[1]

The two were stunned by the news. To Champlain it was a personal loss; for his attachment to the noble-hearted Dieppe governor was deep and sincere. Moreover, it apparently meant an end to their entire enterprise. De Chastes was the head and front of the company; and Champlain doubted much if a successor could be found powerful enough in rank and influence to overcome the opposition which had from the start been aroused against its trade monopoly.

He made his disappointed way to Paris, where he was accorded a prompt and friendly interview with King Henry, who listened with

[1] His death had occurred on May 13, before the expedition had reached Tadoussac.

the greatest interest to his narrative of the trip and who agreed with Champlain that the progress so far made should not be allowed to go for nothing.

Fortunately there was an individual at court, of rank and character as high as De Chastes's, who at once became interested in the project. This was one Pierre de Guast, known as the Sieur de Monts. He was another of those officer noblemen who had fought loyally on Henry's side during the war and who was now a welcome and esteemed personage at court. As it happened, he was in a sense a neighbor of Champlain. Guast was a bourg or commune of Saintonge, not far from Brouage, on the right bank of the little river Seudre, along which Champlain must often have tramped on exploring trips as a boy. The De Monts, who were Huguenots, were feudal lords of this bourg and were prominent throughout the province. Pierre himself was in later years made governor of one of its important strongholds. He had doubtless known St. Luc, the war governor of Brouage; and while he may not have known of Champlain at that time, or afterward as St. Luc's quartermaster, he assuredly now knew of him as the noted sea-captain and discoverer, and was glad to recognize in him a fellow Saintongeois.

De Monts told the king that he would take up De Chastes's enterprise; and further, that he would in person head another expedition to trade and this time to colonize in the new land. He accepted the presidency of the company, increasing its capital stock and investing large means of his own; and was gazetted Lieutenant-General of New France, with a patent covering most of the upper half of North America and carrying with it a rigorous monopoly of all forms of trade.

De Monts was not a tyro in knowledge of this region. He had already seen something of Canada. When Chauvin and Pontgravé had first gone out in 1600, De Monts, the war over and his sword idle, had joined them, simply for sightseeing and adventure, much as Champlain, his sword also idle, had joined his pilot-uncle's ship at Blavet and had afterward wandered to the West Indies. While the hard and business-like Chauvin had stayed immovably at Tadoussac and traded, Pontgravé and De Monts, who liked each other, had seen what they could of the neighboring regions; ascending the St. Lawrence probably as far as Three Rivers, to which, as being an equally good spot for trade and a far milder one for settlement, they had vainly urged Chauvin to remove. Thus De Monts was now in a position

to follow Champlain's interesting narrative with comprehension, and to know clearly many of the inducements and many of the dangers which awaited intending colonizers.

One thing he stipulated. The new settlement must be farther south. What he had seen of the cold and gloomy St. Lawrence had not been prepossessing. He remembered with a shudder the fate of the thirteen of Chauvin's men who had perished during the first winter, and of the twenty who were said to have perished the second winter; and he deemed it but sanity and common sense to seek out this time a milder latitude.

Naturally, De Monts turned to Pontgravé to be second in command of the new expedition, and naturally also he counted on Champlain to be one of the leaders. The latter, with this opportunity for exploration in another new field, was of course more than ready to join the party, and, obtaining the king's consent, promptly accepted.

Another person of prominence was added to the group. This was the Baron Jean de Poitrincourt, a middle-aged nobleman of means and enterprise, whom Henry IV called "one of the most honorable and valiant men in the kingdom." He had formed an ambition like De Chastes's to take his family to a new land

and there found an ancestral home. De Monts was required by his charter to take out a certain number of Catholic priests to convert the Indians; but as a good Huguenot he solaced himself by engaging also a Protestant clergyman or two for those of his party who were of the reformed religion.

The work of preparation was briskly begun the same fall, three ships [1] being fitted out at Havre.[2] There Pontgravé spent much of the winter, hurrying matters forward for an early start in the spring. De Monts and Poitrincourt supervised affairs in Paris. Meanwhile Champlain had turned author. He revised and rewrote the narrative of his recent trip, adding a graphic and animated description of manners and customs among the Indians whom he had met, and published the work in book form, under the title "Des Sauvages." One likes to picture it as one of "the successes of 1604"; and it may very well have been so. The public was interested in a New France in the New World. As yet, there was every opportunity for such an accomplishment. No

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[1] Champlain, 1632 ed. The 1613 ed. speaks only of two. Charlevoix carelessly says four, doubtless having in mind one afterward captured for illicit trading.

[2] Champlain, 1613 ed. The 1632 ed., probably by inadvertence, speaks of sailing from Dieppe.

power had a foothold on that continent, north of the peninsula of Florida. Was France to be the nation that should seize and hold it? Whatever bore upon such a momentous and interesting question was sure to be widely read and discussed.

On March 7, 1604, De Monts and Champlain set out from Havre in a stout ship of 150 tons; and three days later Pontgravé sailed in one thirty tons smaller. A third followed soon after. Each of the three had a different mission. The first was to find a place for settlement; the second was to capture vessels trading in defiance of the company's monopoly; the third was to carry on a fur traffic at Tadoussac.

The ships of De Monts and Pontgravé were to rendezvous at Canso, the strait and harbor at the northern end of Nova Scotia. But De Monts while at sea changed his course farther to the south. They had a long passage of two months, and were dangerously near to shipwreck on Sable Island, owing to a mistake in reckoning made by Captain Timothée. They would have had no liking for life on that ill-fated spot, from which De la Roche's marooned convicts, after roaming the beach month by month and year by year, frantic for escape, frenzied by want and solitude, and al-

most dehumanized, had been brought back to France only the previous year.

The land finally sighted was the Cap de la Hêve, or Cape Lahave, nearly two-thirds of the way down the Nova Scotia coast. Four days later, the travelers entered a harbor; and here the first sight to meet their eyes was a ship from Havre busily engaged in the forbidden fur trade. The ship was promptly confiscated, and its sailors were made prisoners; the captain, one Pierre Fritot, called Rossignol, doubtless being little consoled by the ironical honor of having the port[1] named after him. A prize crew was put on board, and the two ships proceeded together. Coming to another harbor, Port Mouton, a little farther south, De Monts decided to remain until he could get news of Pontgravé, and also until a prospecting trip could be made to find a suitable place for settling.

Champlain was naturally chosen to head this expedition, and he set out with a few others in a serviceable eight-ton bark to explore southward. He tacked along down the Nova Scotia coast, entering and charting every cove and port, noting each island and cape, and closely observing the appearance of the mainland. Rounding Cape Sable, he went up the

[1] Port Rossignol, now Liverpool Harbor.

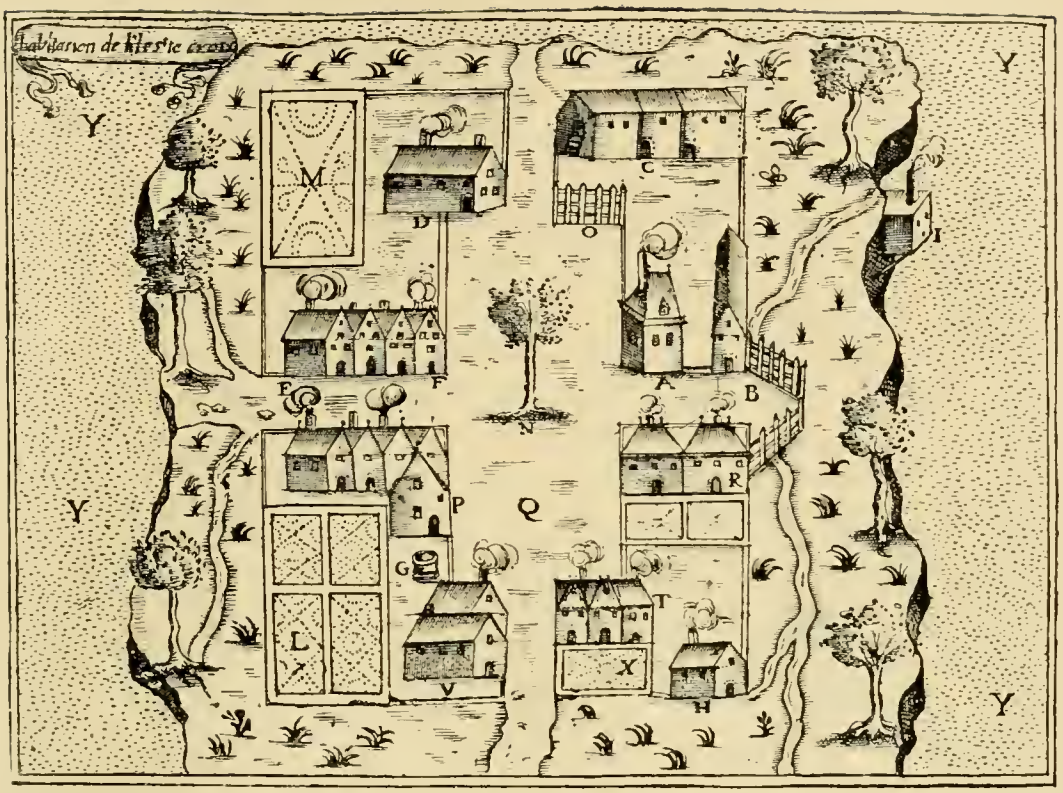
west coast as far as St. Mary's Bay. He was not satisfied with the result of his search; but he did not deem it prudent to be away longer, and returned to De Monts after a three weeks' absence.

Meanwhile the latter had been growing very anxious about Pontgravé, who had most of the supplies in his ship. The fault, if any, was not on Pontgravé's side; for that genial worthy had brought his vessel across to Canso with his usual skill and despatch, and finding no one there, had been waiting in a bay in the vicinity, gradually becoming as anxious as was De Monts. The latter had finally sent off a small boat with a French sailor and some friendly Indians to hunt for Pontgravé. They found him, and he, much relieved, at once sent on the needed supplies ere proceeding into the gulf on his mission of suppressing contraband trade.

De Monts's ship, followed by his prize—the two vessels together containing "all New France," as a narrator facetiously remarks—now went on to St. Mary's Bay, whence it was planned to make another exploring trip in the bark. De Monts himself decided to go with Champlain. Their very first discovery was the magnificent harbor of Port Royal, now Annapolis Basin. Baron Poitrincourt at once

decided that this was the place for his new ancestral home, and obtained a grant of it from De Monts on the spot. After making the entire circuit of the Bay of Fundy, De Monts finally made choice of the Island of St. Croix on the western side in Passamaquoddy Bay as a satisfactory site for his fort and colony; the ships were sent for, and all hands at once fell to work in unloading, building, and fortifying. It was midsummer. The countryside glowed in radiance under the warm July sun. To the newcomers it all seemed very beautiful, and they fell to their task of home-making with cheery ardor. Timber was cut and brought from the mainland. Rough houses were run up as rapidly as possible, surrounded by a palisade and protected by cannon. There was a separate building for De Monts, surmounted by the banner of France; one for Champlain and certain of his companions; another for the workmen and artisans; a storehouse, a kitchen, and a long, roofed gallery for work or diversion in bad weather. The ships' supplies were stored away; a boat was sent up to Pontgravé for more; and after a few weeks of vigorous work, the little camp began to take promising shape.

While the ships had been lying in St. Mary's Bay, a distressing incident had occurred. A



SETTLEMENT AT ST. CROIX. (Drawn by Champlain.)

A. House of Sieur de Monts.
B. Gallery for work or diversion in bad weather.
C. Storehouse.
D. House of the guard.
E. Forge.
F. House for the carpenters.
G. Well.
H. Bakery.
I. Kitchen.
L, M, X. Gardens.
N. Court.
O. Palisade.
P. House occupied by Sieurs d'Orville, Champlain, and Chandore.
Q, R. Houses occupied by workmen.
T. House occupied by Sieurs de Beaumont, La Motte Bourioli, and Fougeray.
V. House of the curé.
Y. River.

young Catholic priest, by the name of Aubry, lost himself in the woods. With several companions he had gone for a walk, and having accidentally left his sword by the side of a spring, had turned back for it, and missed his way. For days the entire company searched for him vainly. Fires were lighted, guns were fired; well-disposed Indians lent their keen aid; but the young man could not be found. The colonists were forced to sail over to St. Croix without him.

Over a fortnight later, one of the small boats had recrossed from St. Croix, to fish, and to investigate certain mines which had been seen along St. Mary's Bay. One of the men saw in the distance a white cloth being feebly moved up and down on the end of a stick. Rowing warily toward the signal, the men found Aubry. He was in the last stages of exhaustion, having been seventeen days in the woods with little to eat save roots and berries. Great was the joy at St. Croix over his rescue; the more so as a Huguenot minister with whom he had had several disputes had been darkly accused by some of having made away with him.

The vessels now returned to France for the winter. The only tie with the motherland was severed. As the colonists watched the

sails melt away into the fog at the mouth of the little St. Croix River, early in September, they must have suddenly realized as never before the nature of their adventure and its ominous possibilities of abandonment or disaster. "From the Spanish settlements northward to the Pole," as Parkman finely writes, "there was no domestic hearth, no lodgment of civilized men, save one weak band of Frenchmen, clinging as it were for life to the fringe of the vast and savage continent."

Champlain, always indefatigable, set out in September on a trip southward, sighting and naming Mount Desert, entering the Penobscot, where he vainly searched for the fabled city of Norumbega, and sailing nearly to the Kennebec. He was gone just a month, returning on October 2d. Four days after came a fall of snow. The winter had begun.

On the cold and misery of that bitter season it is painful to dwell. The island proved most ill chosen. No one had at all appreciated the intense cold of the long Acadian winter nor the biting fury of its storms of sleet and snow. The rude dwellings were utterly inadequate to keep out the fierce cold. Fuel was scarce, fresh water scarcer. The liquors froze; cider was dispensed by the pound. For five long months the pitiless snow lay white about them,

three feet deep on the level or heaped by the rude winds into massy drifts. The men, numbed and pinched, kept on at their various tasks with a kind of desperate endurance. To cap all, scurvy finally broke out; and no less than thirty-five out of the seventy-nine men in the settlement were laid by their suffering comrades in the frozen ground. Twenty others were at the point of death. It seemed as if the spring would never come; and when at last, but not till the fifteenth of the following June, a pinnace was rowed in from the offing, one night, and the hearty hail of Pontgravé—back from France—was heard, the relief was indescribable and the rejoicing prolonged.

CHAPTER VI

A GLIMPSE OF NEW ENGLAND

1605–1607

De Monts had had enough of St. Croix; and he at once set out with Champlain and others on another trip, determined to seek still farther south for a habitation. They were gone six weeks. Within this time they passed along the entire New England coast as far as Cape Cod. They entered the Kennebec, noted Casco and Saco Bays, rounded Cape Ann, and anchored in Boston Harbor, where they made a short stay. They met various tribes of Indians along the way; making ready acquaintance, giving presents, and obtaining information in return. Their visits uniformly produced a sensation among these aborigines. When they left Boston Bay, "the islands and mainland were swarming with the native population. The Indians were, naturally enough, intensely interested in this visit of the little French bark. It may have been

the first that had ever made its appearance in the bay. Its size was many times greater than any water-craft of their own. Spreading its white wings and gliding silently away without oarsmen, it filled them with surprise and admiration. The whole population was astir. The cornfields and fishing stations were deserted. Every canoe was manned, and a flotilla of their tiny craft came to attend, honor, and speed the parting guests, experiencing doubtless, a sense of relief that they were going, and filled with a painful curiosity to know the meaning of this mysterious visit.'' [1]

Passing on, the voyagers soon after entered the harbor of Plymouth—nine years before the visit of Captain John Smith, and fifteen years before the Pilgrims made their memorable landing on the historic Rock. Then, rounding Cape Cod, they ended their trip at Nauset Harbor on the east side of the cape.

The interviews with the natives, owing to the tact and bonhomie of the French, had been friendly without exception, up to this point. In Nauset a taste of hostility was given them. An Indian snatched a pail from the hand of one of the sailors, his pursuer was killed by arrows, and the savages escaped to the woods.

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[1] Voyages of Champlain, Memoir by Rev. E. F. Slafter.

The French gave chase, but could not overtake them, and had to be content with giving the dead sailor honorable burial on the lonely and salt-sprayed shore—the second, if not the first, white man to be interred in New England soil.[1]

De Monts must have been singularly hard to please in the matter of a new site for his colony, for he found none to his liking in this entire trip. Even the superb advantages of Boston Bay do not seem to have appealed to him. One wonders curiously how far New England history might have run a different course if he had chosen a spot in this region. The explorers wished to sail still farther; but their provisions were running low, and they were compelled to return, reaching St. Croix early in August.

De Monts decided to cross the bay, and settle, temporarily at least, in Port Royal, granted by him, the year before, to Baron Poitrincourt, who had sailed for home the same autumn, purposing to return with his family. Poitrincourt would be more than glad of this accession of strength to his own proposed colony. Pontgravé and Champlain, the inseparables,

[1] It is said that Thorvald, son of Eric Randa, landing at Plymouth Harbor in the spring of 1004, was killed in an encounter with the savages, and was buried on what is now Garnet Point.

went over and chose a suitable location—the spot where the village of Lower Granville now stands. With the aid of Pontgravé's ship and of another supply ship which had just arrived from St. Malo, all the stores and belongings, and even parts of the buildings, were transported from St. Croix. That inhospitable island was left to its desolation; and, excepting for a later visit one day from some of the colonists themselves, even its crumbling foundation-stones remained forgotten and unseen by human eyes for nearly two hundred years.

Port Royal seemed much more promising. Again houses were cheerily built; again supplies were unloaded, and again the men prepared, this time with better knowledge, for the ordeal of the winter. De Monts, who had heard that his patent was in danger, decided to go back to France for the season; but Pontgravé, who was a host in himself, readily volunteered to stay and take charge in his place. Champlain had no hesitation about staying also. His sturdy frame had not suffered from the hardships of the previous winter, nor from the strain and work of his numerous expeditions. In fact, this whole life of novelty and adventure was precisely what he loved.

The winter was milder than the preceding one. Warned by past experience, the colonists had built tighter houses, and had better looked after the supply of fuel and fresh water. The scurvy broke out again, and twelve of the forty-five died; but this was a much smaller proportion than in the winter before, and it began to seem that Port Royal would serve sufficiently well as the first metropolis of New France.

Pontgravé and Champlain, however, were still desirous of exploring farther to the south than the point reached the previous summer; and in the spring of 1606 they, with others, started off in a bark of seventeen or eighteen tons. The attempt came to speedy disaster; the bark was cast ashore and broken to pieces in a gale, at the very mouth of Port Royal Harbor, and the men barely saved their lives and their belongings.

There was now nothing to do but wait for ships from France. Champlain chafed. April passed, then May and June, with no word from outside. They had been building another bark; and at last, in July, it was determined that all hands should quit the settlement, in this bark and a smaller one which they had, sail to seek some of the fishing fleet off the Banks, and thus obtain

passage home. This had been agreed upon with De Monts the year before, as a course of action in case a ship from him should fail to appear. It would have been impossible to remain another year without new provisions and supplies.

Two men bravely volunteered to remain and guard the place for the winter; and an old Indian chief, Membertou, who had proved a faithful friend to the colonists, promised to keep them company.

The boats set out, met bad weather, and were nearly wrecked; but off Cape Sable they happily fell in with a boat from a vessel which, with Baron Poitrincourt and his son on board, was hastening to Port Royal. The departing colonists of course turned back at once; and there was a joyous fraternizing with the newcomers accompanying the baron, who, bringing from De Monts a commission as Deputy Governor, had come out to make his home. Wine ran freely and tongues wagged loquaciously.

There was another person of note among the passengers in the good ship Jonas, which had brought over Baron Poitrincourt. This was a Paris lawyer, Marc Lescarbot, who had come out for the novelty of the thing. Lescarbot was a decided accession to the group.

He was a merry soul, versatile, witty, with inexhaustible good spirits, with excellent sense, and a turn for science. He examined the little settlement with the greatest interest, going from building to building, peering into everything, and making facetious yet discerning comments. Lescarbot afterward wrote a History of New France, which, as regards Acadia at least, has been an invaluable source of information for all subsequent historians.

Pontgravé now sailed for Canso, to search anew for contraband traders, and to carry on a fur traffic for the company; after which, he was to return to France. His son Robert remained at Port Royal.

It was decided to renew now the past year's frustrated attempt to explore far to the south. Baron Poitrincourt headed the expedition in person, and Champlain was of course his right-hand man. Poitrincourt's son Jean and Pontgravé's son Robert were also of the party. The trip produced little result. It was already fall before they could start. They succeeded in going but eighteen miles beyond the limit of the previous trip, rounding Cape Cod, and just sighting Martha's Vineyard. In Chatham Harbor they again had a sharp skirmish with some of the Cape Indians, who were much less friendly than those of the

north, and several of the sailors were killed or wounded. Champlain gives a spirited drawing of the skirmish. The French resorted to stratagem—it might be called treachery—and killed several of the Indians in reprisal. Perhaps they felt it absolutely essential to impress these wild tribes with the relentless justice of the white man.

The care of their wounded, as well as the approach of the autumn frosts, compelled them now to turn back. It was tantalizing, having made the long journey a second time, to have come only a little farther southward than before; and Champlain must have felt this, as they regretfully turned the prow to the north. He was never again on the New England coast. After more than one narrow escape from storm and from accident, the party reentered Port Royal, in safety indeed, but in no little disappointment. The finding of the ideal colony site seemed as far off as ever.

The versatile Lescarbot had devised an allegorical pageant, with which he and the others greeted them as they sailed up to the little landing. Neptune, lightly clad in "a blue veil and buskins," with long beard and hair, and with trident in hand, approached on his water-chariot, drawn by six Tritons. The sea-god made a poetic address of welcome, followed

by one from each of the Tritons. Then his chariot gave place to a canoe containing savages laden with presents for the returning baron—a quarter of moose, some beaver-skins, native-made scarfs and bracelets. Poitrincourt, his sword drawn in ceremony, made a polite speech of thanks to Neptune for his welcome, and one to the savages for their gifts; after which Lescarbot's improvised troupe sang an original four-part glee, the trumpets sounded, and cannon roared out boisterous greetings. The returned travelers then disembarked and moved in formal procession into the fort, over whose main gate they saw the arms of France crowned with laurel, with those of De Monts and Poitrincourt, appropriately inscribed, beneath.[1]

The winter which ensued was passed more comfortably than either of the two preceding ones had been. It was even, in a sense, enjoyable. Experience had taught the colonists how to provide better against the cold; and the winter, most fortunately for all, was again one of

[1] Lescarbot, who printed the dialogue and verses of this ambitious effort in full in his Muses de la Nouvelle France, says apologetically: "I beg the reader to excuse me if these rhymes are not polished as highly as fastidious men might desire. They were written in haste. Nevertheless I have thought fit to insert them here, as well because they complement my history as to show that we lived joyously."

comparative mildness—far different from the savagely bitter one at St. Croix. Champlain and Lescarbot were the life of the party. The latter composed poetry, wrote plays for amateur theatricals, and read the service on Sunday—Catholic priests and Huguenot clergymen all having died or returned to France. Champlain, on his part, started the community in gardening and path-making, and instituted a novel "Order of Good Times." This latter was designed as a stimulus for the commissary department, and proved "more profitable," as he says, "than all the medicine that could have been used." The order comprised the fifteen principal men of the colony. Its distinguishing badge was a chain, "which, with certain ceremonies, we put around the neck of each one of our number in turn, appointing him for the day to go hunting. The next day it was put upon another, and so on successively. Each one vied with the other in trying to bring back the best game." "At the grand dinner each day," writes the lively Lescarbot, "the Master of the Feast marched in, his napkin over his shoulder, the baton of office in his hand, and around his neck the Collar of the Order; and behind him, other members, each bearing his plate. In the evening, having rendered thanks to God, he re-

signed the collar to his successor, pledging him in a cup of wine."

Baron Poitrincourt proved himself an able and resourceful governor. He was of a practical turn of mind, and caused the erection of a water-mill, a brick-kiln, and a furnace for melting gums and resin to serve as pitch in boat-building. There were some deaths from the dreaded scurvy, but far fewer than in the two preceding winters.

In the late spring—it was May 24, 1607—a bark entered the harbor. It came from the ship Jonas, which had just crossed again from France and was fishing off Canso. A young St. Malo sailor named Chevalier was in charge. He brought disconcerting news. The company's trade on the St. Lawrence had recently been broken into by the Dutch, and thus the year's profits had been cut off. Moreover, enemies at court had been at work, and De Monts, after personally sinking a hundred thousand livres in the venture, had been deprived of his concession. He had sent over mournful word to Baron Poitrincourt to abandon the settlement and to sail back to France with all his companions.

This was a crushing blow. All their three years of brave work and of hardship were to go for nothing. Even Lescarbot's merry face

fell; Champlain could scarcely credit the news; and Baron Poitrincourt, whose heart was set on that new ancestral home in the wilderness, called for volunteers to remain. Eight responded; but they asked prohibitory wages, and so the plan fell through. The baron, however, stoutly vowed that he would come back, even if he and his family came alone.[1]

For the time being, there was nothing for it but to give up the undertaking, as De Monts had directed. With heavy hearts the colonists packed together their belongings.

Before leaving, Baron Poitrincourt and Champlain undertook a journey in a shallop to Minas Basin at the head of the Bay of Fundy, in renewed search of Prévert's fabled copper-mine or of other deposits of minerals. They found none of value; but in a little cove in Minas Basin they came upon a most interesting relic, eloquent though silent. It was a wooden cross, very old, covered with moss, and almost wholly rotted away; "an evident sign," Champlain says, "that Christians had once before been in these parts." One wonders what story hovered around this venerable symbol, erected there in lonely Minas

[1] He returned, three years later; but his second attempt had little better permanent success than the first.

Basin unknown decades before. Was it a casual act of piety on the part of men of the fishing fleet in the Acadian waters? Or was it a memorial of some long past voyage of discovery, or even of settlement, no other record of which has come down to us? The facts will of course never be known; but imagination pauses a moment, fascinated over the finding, in those first years of the seventeenth century, of a monument belonging to a time far earlier still.

Returning to Port Royal, Poitrincourt found everything ready for departure. His Indian neighbors were inconsolable, and declared that they would guard and care for the fort and buildings with the utmost fidelity until their white friends should return. The Frenchmen dispiritedly bade adieu to the place, and embarking in small boats, sailed out from the magnificent harbor in the bright August sunshine, and worked their way up around the curving coast to join the Jonas at Canso. Champlain seized the opportunity to survey the Nova Scotia shores north of Cape Lahave—a part which he had not before had the opportunity of mapping. He now had a complete chart of the entire Atlantic seaboard, from Cape Breton to Cape Cod, marked with soundings and with degrees of latitude—

the first to be scientifically prepared by any explorer. In connection with his St. Lawrence charts, it constituted an invaluable addition to the cartography of the day.

The Jonas, her fishing done, sailed on September 3, 1607, and after a passage of a month, safely entered the harbor of St. Malo. Champlain had been absent from France on this expedition three years and a half.

He remarks, as one of the great defects of the undertaking, its mixture of creeds, which seemed to his religiously inclined mind a very important matter, "as two contrary religions never produce much fruit for the glory of God among the heathen they wish to convert. I have seen," says he, "the minister and our curé fight with their fists about differences in religion; and," he adds, slyly, "I do not know which was the bravest or hit the hardest blows, but I do very well know that the minister complained sometimes to Monsieur De Monts of having been soundly beaten; and in this way they cleared up the points of controversy. I leave you to think if it was very pleasant to behold."

Another chronicler—Sagard—writing an account of the expedition, tells of the death of a minister and a priest, and adds, much scandalized, that the crew buried both in one grave,

Champlain

"pour voir si morts ils demeureroient en paix, puisque vivants ils ne s'étoient pû accorder" —to see whether, having quarreled so much in life, they would lie peaceably together in death.

CHAPTER VII

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

1608

For France, as for every other nation save Spain, the New World had thus far been associated only with disappointment, disaster, and death. French explorers and French colonizers alike—Cartier, Roberval, Ribaut, Laudonnière, La Roche, Chauvin, De Chastes, and now De Monts—had failed to stamp any permanent mark of possession upon its vast borders.

It was important to stamp such a mark soon, if at all. Already this very year of the return to France of De Monts's downcast colony from Acadia was witnessing a settlement by the English on the James River in Virginia—a settlement which they were destined to hold and expand. The Dutch, shrewd navigators and traders, were becoming interested in the Indian trade, and already had their eyes on those fertile central latitudes

which they were soon to explore, claim, and occupy.

Champlain's views were broad. The hope he had at heart was not merely to plant a successful trading post and enrich a company. This might be a means to certain ends. The ends were threefold: to add new domains to France; to spread the true religion among the native races; and to penetrate the mysteries of the great and baffling continent, and open up a route through the Far West to the Far East.

We find Champlain in Paris in the fall of 1607, after his return; a little older, a trifle graver, after his varied experiences, but no less ardent in high endeavor, no whit daunted in his dreams of expansion. On the northern half of North America, France, he felt, was to set its seal—must set its seal. The idea had become a passion with him. Here was clearly a man to make a new empire, if such was to be made by one of Henry's subjects.

Henry IV himself, even though he had under pressure revoked De Monts's trading patent, was by no means blind to the advantages of colonization in America. Baron Poitrincourt, bringing home specimens of the grain which the soil of Port Royal had been made to yield—wheat, maize, rye, oats, bar-

ley—was given a hearty greeting by the king, who was not a little impressed by the agricultural showing of the new land. Poitrincourt presented him with five brant-geese, hatched out and bred in the settlement, which interested him considerably, and which he placed in the royal park at Fontainebleau. The baron was still a firm believer in Acaadia, and earnestly pressed his plan to make a home there. Meanwhile Champlain appeared on the scene, with maps and surveys and graphic pictures of Acadian scenes and natives. The king and his council studied the maps and pictures attentively, enlarging considerably their previously vague conceptions. Henry began to feel that he had perhaps been rather too hasty in wholly revoking the working privileges of his loyal patentee, De Monts.

Champlain showed his drawings to De Monts, narrating everything that had occurred since the latter's departure from Port Royal two years before. Enthusiastic as ever over the possibility of founding a successful colony, he fired his friend with new energy. De Monts determined to try the adventure again.

One point, however, Champlain prevailed on him to abandon. This was the settlement of Nova Scotia or a place on the mainland coasts. "I urged him, this time," he says, "to

plant himself on the great River of St. Lawrence, where commerce and traffic can be carried on much better than in Acadia—a region difficult to protect on account of its infinite number of ports, which could only be guarded by large forces. Furthermore there are few natives; and in addition it would prove impossible from that side to penetrate inland and reach the non-roving tribes in the interior of the country, as can be done from the St. Lawrence."

De Monts petitioned the king for a renewal of his trading monopoly. This he felt to be essential to his plan of colonization. Henry approved both the man and the plan. He gladly reconfirmed to him his Lieutenant-Generalship of Canada. But there were certain questions of state affecting the trade matter, and the king declared it impracticable to grant again a permanent concession. The utmost that he would do was to grant a concession for one year. With the hope of having it renewed when the year was over, De Monts accepted this offer, and Champlain felt a rekindling of his hope of planting the standard of his king enduringly in the soil of New France—an ambition destined now at last to be fulfilled.

Regarding the two objects of this new Cana-

dian project—trade and colonization—there was no question as to who should have charge of the trade. Honest old Pontgravé, with his long experience in that line, was obviously the man for the place; and he accepted the post with cheerful readiness.

As to colonization, there had come to be likewise no question. De Monts was not going out himself; and the mantle of Governor fell logically and fittingly on the shoulders of Samuel de Champlain.

This was a reversal of the conditions under which Pontgravé and Champlain had sailed Canadaward on their first voyage together in 1603. Then Pontgravé was leader, and Champlain was subordinate. Now Champlain was leader, and Pontgravé was subordinate.

This was not a reflection on the worthy Pontgravé. His forte was business. As brave, as honest, as adventurous in his way as his younger colleague, he did not possess the latter's broad mental gage, his administrative capacity, his progressively unfolding powers. He was unexcelled in a small place; Champlain had come to fit a larger one. The old St. Malouin was too warm-hearted and loyal a friend to feel envy, and his close relations with Champlain remained unimpaired.

Once more the shipwrights of Honfleur were

set to work altering and preparing two selected vessels for the voyage to Canada. Once more Pontgravé, who had made his home in Honfleur, in the parish of St. Etienne, stood about in the snow or dirty slush of the ancient river quays, directing the men's work or superintending the receipt and shipment of supplies. It was the winter of 1607. Champlain remained in Paris, appreciative, no doubt, of its luxuries as an agreeable contrast to the hardships of his three winters in the wilderness; yet ready for the incoming year, and whatever of further hardship it might bring.

On April 5, 1608, Pontgravé set sail, with a good cargo of cloths, hatchets, knives, and various trinkets to be used for barter with the Indians at Tadoussac. Eight days later Champlain followed, his own vessel freighted with furniture, clothing, provisions, axes, saws, and shovels, and the many necessaries for fitting up a rough winter habitation on the great river. With him were carpenters, masons, a locksmith, and other mechanics of various kinds. His sail passed out of the broad mouth of the Seine and disappeared in the west; and the loiterers along the Honfleur jetties shook their heads wonderingly over this new foolhardiness on the part of visionary explorers.

Champlain's ship was not speedy, and it was not until May 26 that land was sighted on the Newfoundland coast. On June 3, after a passage of over a month and a half, the lonely but familiar river-bank at Tadoussac was seen ahead, flanked by the somber waters of the Saguenay.

Champlain had no intention of settling at Tadoussac. He had never liked the place. He deemed it a good center for trade in peltries, but a bad site for a winter abode. It was here that Chauvin's men had miserably died of want and scurvy. It was here that the Canada soil was stoniest and the Canada winter fiercest. "If there is an ounce of cold forty leagues up the river," Champlain remarks, sententiously, "there is a pound at Tadoussac." So he now merely put in temporarily, to see Pontgravé and to perfect their joint plans before proceeding.

Here, however, the new Governor found a very pretty quarrel on his official hands. Pontgravé, arriving a few days before, had discovered a Basque fur-trading vessel defying the new monopoly. The choleric St. Malo captain was a man of action. He remonstrated vigorously, and then opened fire. But the Basques proved unexpectedly pugnacious, and gave back shot for shot. Pontgravé him-

self was wounded at the first discharge, and three of his men were struck down, one subsequently dying. The Basques, who were the stronger party, finally boarded Pontgravé's ship and took forcible possession of all his arms and ammunition, declaring that they would restore them when ready to sail for France.

Champlain's arrival changed the aspect of affairs, and the Basques now became rather alarmed at what they had done. Pontgravé had been carried ashore, and Champlain at once rowed off to see him. He found his old chief somewhat painfully but not dangerously wounded. The two had a long consultation, an envoy from the Basque ship awaiting the result a little anxiously. The Basque captain, Darache, was willing to give up the fur trade, if he might carry on the whale-fishery unmolested. Otherwise, he was doggedly prepared to fight again.

It was Champlain's first "case" as Governor of Canada. He was impulsively disposed to fight. But he foresaw complications which might endanger their entire enterprise, and which would certainly retard it. He finally took the statesmanlike view that it was not well "out of a just cause to make a bad one," and concluded to refer the whole matter

to arbitration. The Basques were to cease trading, and the entire question of trespass was to be submitted to the home authorities. An agreement was drawn up and signed by both parties, and thus the possibility of serious trouble was successfully averted.

Champlain now directed his carpenters to build a small twelve-ton bark for the ascent of the river. This work occupied three weeks. Meanwhile he solicitously watched over his old friend while the latter's wound was healing; renewing that companionable interchange of jokes and stories which the two had enjoyed during their first voyage to this place five years before, and also during that second Acadian winter when Pontgravé was in charge at Port Royal. Pontgravé was soon afoot again. There were friendly Indians about, in plenty, come to Tadoussac from the far north and west with their rich canoe-loads of furs; and traffic was soon briskly under way.

Champlain further occupied his time by sailing a hundred and fifty miles up the Saguenay, mapping its course with some care. By the end of June the bark was built, and on the last day of the month the pioneers set out up the St. Lawrence to plant their colony.

After voyaging along in leisurely fashion

for four days, past scenes with which Champlain's previous trip had made him already familiar, they passed the long Island of Orleans, and came in sight of the frowning cliff guarding the river at the point which the Indians called *Kebec*. It was here that Champlain had already virtually decided, after earnest talk with Pontgravé, to fix his abode. According to Faillon, the spot had been indicated by De Monts himself, who had doubtless visited it when on the St. Lawrence with Chauvin in 1599. At the side of the towering rock a small stream flowed into the river, its mouth forming a kind of bay. The cliff did not extend to the water's edge, and at its base was a stretch of wooded and cultivable land. The spot was a natural fortress. With cannon on the cliff and at its base, and perhaps on Point Levi opposite, no rival trading ship, no hostile man-of-war, could pass up the river. The inner secrets of the entire northern continent, its waterways and lakes, its mineral riches, its valuable trade, intercourse with its countless tribes—this was the key to them all.

On July 3, 1608, the men disembarked, and the first foundations of Quebec were laid. The precise spot chosen was not far from the present market-place in the Lower Town. Men were set to work at once cutting away

vines and felling the walnut-trees to clear a space for habitations. Others rough-squared timbers and sawed out planks, and still others proceeded to dig a cellar. The bark was despatched to Tadoussac for another load of supplies. The workmen camped in the open, in the warm July air, and hurried forward Champlain's first building, a storehouse.

But trouble was brewing. In Champlain's crew was a ruffianly young fellow named Jean Duval, a locksmith by trade, who had already given cause for concern. When Baron Poitrincourt and Champlain were in Chatham Harbor on Cape Cod, two years before, this man with others had defiantly stayed ashore one night, in spite of orders to sleep on board the bark because of the suspicious behavior of the natives. In the night the sailors were attacked by the Indians, two or three of them were killed, and Duval was wounded in the chest by an arrow. This same man, insubordinate as ever, was now again with Champlain. Discontented, Lescarbot says, with the daily rations, which were not distributed abundantly enough for their liking, he, with four others, formed a plot to kill the Governor, either by poison, musket-shot, or strangling, and to dispose of the valuable stores and the newly begun fortress itself to some Spanish

or Basque adventurers who were in the river —perhaps the same lawless Basques who had resisted Pontgravé at Tadoussac. The five men terrorized others into joining a conspiracy which boded ill for the nascent hopes of New France.

At this juncture a bark from Pontgravé opportunely arrived on the scene. One of the renegades, Antoine Natel, was at heart opposed to the cowardly plot. He sought the pilot of the bark, Captain Guillaume le Testu, and unbosomed himself to him. The pilot promptly rowed ashore to find Champlain. The latter was at work in a little garden which he had been laying out. Testu told him what was going on. Natel was sent for, and, trembling with fear, was made to disclose the full details, Champlain promising him immunity. The danger stood revealed. Plainly it was serious.

The Governor laid his plans very coolly. He had not been for several years an army officer without learning to cope with emergencies. He sent for a young sailor whom he could trust, and giving him a couple of bottles of wine, directed him to invite the four ringleaders to come aboard the bark that evening and share it with him, as being a present from his fellows at Tadoussac. For-

tunately the plotters suspected nothing, and they agreed to come, not unwilling to make up for the claimed shortness of rations. At nightfall the four rowed out to the bark.

Champlain, ashore, was on the watch, and presently followed them. Testu met him as he approached the little vessel. With sailors whom they could count upon, the two quietly made their way forward to the low-decked cabin where the men were roystering. When the scoundrels lowered their glasses and looked angrily to see who the intruders were, they were confronted by the muzzles of loaded muskets, held in stern and steady hands.

The astonished quartet were trapped. Resistance was impossible. They were bound, and left on board under guard. Then the Governor rowing ashore—it was ten o'clock in the evening—aroused the rest of the men implicated in the affair. He told them what he had done, sharply rebuked them for their acquiescence in the plot, and then extended a pardon to them all. The next day he took their depositions in writing, and conveyed his four handcuffed prisoners in the bark to Tadoussac, where Pontgravé had better facilities for keeping them under guard than he had in his own embryo community.

L. of C.

Pontgravé was startled and indignant at the news. His impulse would have been to shoot the men then and there; but Champlain preferred more judicial as well as judicious measures. The first criminal proceedings in the New World should be orderly and beyond criticism. His power was ample. Returning to Quebec, he again turned his energies to the work of building, while Pontgravé went on with his own duties at Tadoussac. In September the St. Malouin came up to Quebec according to Champlain's instructions, bringing the prisoners with him. Champlain, Pontgravé, the captain of one of the vessels, the first and second officers, and a surgeon, sat as a court-martial. The trial was conducted with military precision. The accused men were confronted with the witnesses against them, and made a full confession.

The sentence of the court was that Duval should be hanged; and that the three others, though meriting the same fate, should be sent to France, to undergo whatever punishment De Monts, as Lieutenant-General, might inflict. The testimony was carefully written out and duly attested. On September 18 Pontgravé sailed for home, his vessel's hold well stored with furs, the depositions in his strong box, and the prisoners in the brig. De Monts

subsequently condemned them to the galleys. Duval was publicly hanged, in the little enclosure at Quebec, and his head was put on a pike which was set up in a conspicuous place.

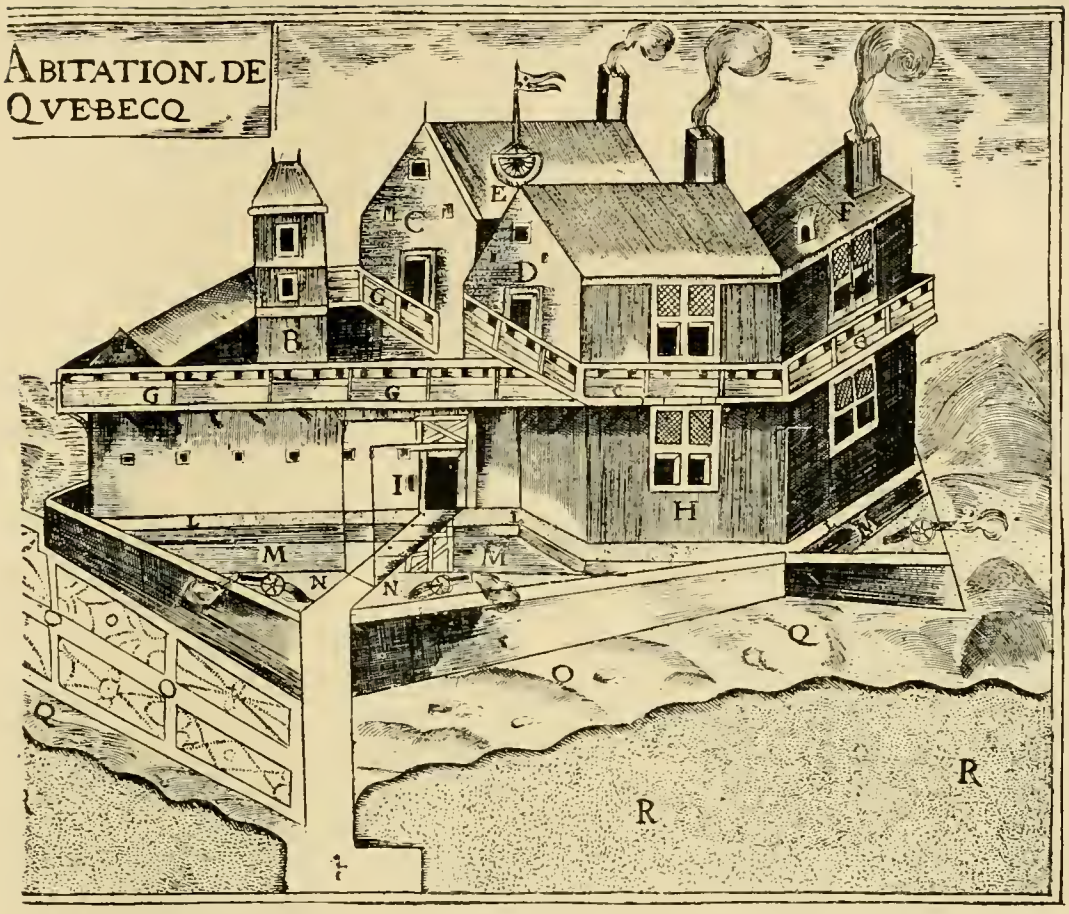
CHAPTER VIII

ARROWS AND ARQUEBUSES

1609

PONTGRAVÉ'S sail had disappeared down the river. Champlain, with his sturdy band of Frenchmen, was left alone to face the approaching winter. Far to the south, an equally sturdy band of Englishmen were facing their second winter on the James. The only other settlement on the North American coast was the ancient Spanish one of St. Augustine in Florida.

Champlain pressed forward the work on his buildings. Besides the storehouse, there were three dwelling-houses, each of two stories, with a second-story gallery. Around the group of buildings ran a high palisade; and there was also a moat, six feet wide and fifteen feet deep, with a drawbridge. Small cannon planted at the salient angles of the palisade commanded the river. Outside the enclosure a tract of ground was cleared for cultivation,



SETTLEMENT AT QUEBEC. (Drawn by Champlain.)

A. Storehouse.
B. Dovecote.
C. Armory and quarters for the workmen.
D. Quarters for the workmen.
E. Dial.
F. Forge and quarters for the workmen.
G. Gallery.
H. Apartment of Champlain.
I. Entrance to the buildings, guarded by a drawbridge.
L. Walk, ten feet in width.
M. Moat.
N. Platform for cannon.
O. Champlain's garden.
P. Kitchen.
Q. Space between the moat and the river.
R. St. Lawrence River.

and wheat, rye, and various seeds were sown. Some native grape-vines were also set out.

The whole was strongly characteristic of a period "when," as a Canadian writer[1] well says, "every seigneur had for himself a castle which stood as a protection for him and his vassals. Nor was there wanting in Champlain the feudal spirit of the times, the chivalry and daring of a true knight; and as we pass in imagination within the enclosure of his moat and wall, examining the awkward-looking buildings within it, climbing the ordnance platforms, or peering through the loopholes of the gallery, we seem to feel not a few of the seventeenth century influences floating around us."

The buildings were calked as snugly as possible; firewood was cut and brought in, provisions were apportioned on a fixed scale, and the twenty-eight inmates of the rough little post settled into a cheerful routine. October passed, with its changing leaves, and a sharp touch of white frost; then November went by, the harsh winds swept down from the northwest, the far-stretching banks of the river became hooded with snow, and the long cold was upon them.

In one of Champlain's excursions in the

[1] Dr. J. M. Harper: Transac. Lit. and Hist. Soc. of Quebec.

neighborhood, he made a most interesting discovery. Ascending for two or three miles the course of the little stream St. Charles, which ran into the St. Lawrence about fifteen hundred paces from their camp, he came upon a crumbling stone chimney, some rude, half-hidden wall foundations, and indications of a trench or ditch surrounding what had evidently been a rough wooden cabin. A few worm-eaten timbers were still to be seen, and near by some rusted cannon-balls. It was the spot where Jacques Cartier and his companions had passed that ill-fated winter of 1535, seventy-three years before—the first white men to attempt a winter in that desolate land. Cartier had called the place St. Croix—a name later transferred to a spot farther up the St. Lawrence. Here was indeed a moving reminder of that historic voyage, reminiscent alike of brave accomplishment and of the tragedy of death. Champlain must have paused long at this spot, sunk in deep and perhaps apprehensive reverie. Was his undertaking to meet the same fate? Were his men to perish as miserably as those of Cartier, and was he to return to France no more fortunate in striking root in this frozen and hostile soil?

The life of the little colony, comfortless

enough in many regards, was luxury itself compared with that of the nomadic Montagnais Indians, who, their precarious eel-fishing done, roamed the snowy forests for scarce game, and at times gnawed greedily even at carrion. Beset alike by hunger, biting cold, and the terror of attack from their Iroquois enemies, they were indeed often in pitiable case; and Champlain's kind heart frequently moved him to spare them a little from his not too abundant supplies, and even at times to give their women and children temporary shelter within the fort enclosure. He tells in vivid words of one band from the other side of the river, which, driven by extremest stress of famine, attempted to cross in their canoes; frantically braving the masses of broken ice which an angry wind was sweeping down the stream. The canoes were caught and crushed; but the desperate savages, leaping upon cakes of floating ice—many of the women with papooses on their backs—succeeded at last in gaining the northern bank, where the little colony's bounty saved them from actual famishing.

While the men were keeping anxious watch against the dreaded scurvy, another enemy appeared—dysentery, which in the late fall carried off two men (one was Antoine Natel)

and in February several more. The surgeon, Bonnerme, also died. Then appeared the scurvy itself. Eighteen were attacked, and ten of these died, while four more were long ill. This was an appallingly high rate of mortality. Imagination fails to picture the full extent of the horrors of that first winter at Quebec, so terribly duplicating those of Cartier's long past imprisonment in the rude cabin whose ruins lay buried under the snow less than a league away.

The spring at last crept slowly forward. Eight men were alive, including Champlain, two hardy young men named Étienne Brûlé and Nicolas Marsolet, and the pilot La Routte. Four of the eight still showed traces of their fearful illness. The last cake of ice swept down the sullen river, the lingering patches of snow vanished from the oozing ground, and now at last the doors and close-sealed windows might open to the mild May air.

On June 5th a shallop rounded the western end of the Isle of Orleans and came into sight of the little post. Pontgravé had arrived at Tadoussac, and had sent his son-in-law, one Claude de Godet des Maretz, or des Marais, on to Quebec to carry word to his friends.

Leaving Des Marais in charge, the Gover-

nor hurried down to Tadoussac, where he had a warm greeting from his old comrade. Pontgravé was shocked at the tale of suffering which Champlain had to tell, though he rejoiced that the latter had escaped with his own life.

An important project was now in Champlain's mind. During the previous year he had arranged with a number of friendly Algonquins to undertake an exploring trip southward with them after the winter was past. They were to act as guides, and in return he was to be their ally in a little campaign against their enemies the Iroquois.

Doubtless if Champlain had then known of the real power and prowess of the Five Nations which inhabited Central New York, he would have thought seriously before committing himself and his country to a lasting warfare with their formidable tribes. Yet in no other way could he so effectively enlist the aid of the Algonquins in the work he was determined to accomplish of exploring the great continent around him. Champlain had been seriously criticized for his act; but it is probable that it was not an act of deliberate policy, entered into with full perception of its far-reaching consequences. Doubtless it seemed at the time to be but taking sides in an insignificant In-

dian feud, with opportunity both for sight-seeing and adventure.

With some of Pontgravé's men Champlain returned to Quebec, where he had a boat fitted out for his proposed expedition. He started on June 18, with a small contingent of Montagnais Indians; and on an island not far up the river he came upon an encampment of Hurons,[1] who proved to be on the way to Quebec to join his party. The rumor of the proposed foray had been spread far and wide along the river, and the savages were overjoyed. The Hurons, two or three hundred in number, many of whom had never seen white men before, gazed at the armored strangers with limitless curiosity; and after ceremonies of greeting and much speech-making, begged Champlain to show them the new and wonderful French fort before going to the war. He good-naturedly turned back with them to Quebec, where they spent several days encamped near the post, admiring all they saw, and preparing for their coming undertaking by uproarious feasting and festivity.

At the Governor's request Pontgravé with a few more men now came up from Tadoussac to take charge at Quebec; and on the twenty-eighth the augmented war-party again set out.

[1] An Iroquois tribe near Lake Huron, who were at war with the rest of the Iroquois and were leagued with the Algonquins.

Arrows and Arquebuses

Passing Three Rivers and crossing Lake St. Peter, Champlain, Des Marais, and the ten other men with them ascended the Richelieu until stopped by rapids. About their shallop swarmed the canoes of the Indians, the swarthy backs of the naked occupants bending to the rhythmic sweep of the paddles. The rapids proved to be impassable by boat, though the natives had assured the explorer to the contrary. Champlain, after careful investigation, was compelled to abandon his plan of proceeding in the shallop. But his promise had been given to the Indians to go with them on their expedition, and he would not turn back. Moreover, he especially wanted to see "a large lake, filled with beautiful islands, and with a fine country surrounding it," which had been described to him. He fearlessly decided to go on himself with the Indians by canoe. Two of his men—one of the soldiers, and a servant of De Monts—volunteered to accompany him, the rest returning to Quebec.

There were sixty picked Algonquin[1] and Huron braves, with twenty-four canoes. By a long portage they reached a point above the rapids, and again launching their canoes, they

[1] The Montagnais, who were represented in the party, were really a branch of the Algonquin family.

glided finally into the peaceful waters of the great lake which has ever since borne the name of its French discoverer, Champlain. He was delighted with its varied beauty, set off by the rolling Green Mountains on the eastern horizon and by the taller peaks of the Adirondacks on the south.

At nightfall of each day the savages paddled their skiffs ashore, and ran up hasty bark cabins, surrounded by a defensive barricade of stout tree-trunks. No watch was set. Champlain remonstrated with them for this. The Indians grunted that such was their custom; observing stolidly that they worked enough in the daytime, without keeping watch at night.

Parts of the days were occupied in hunting; for the rest, the party traveled steadily forward. The Indians carried with them a kind of emergency ration of baked Indian meal, which, soaked in water, made a very fair porridge. This was not to be trenched upon until the near presence of enemies made hunting unsafe or impossible. The savages were not wholly ignorant of certain rude military tactics, and regularly practised falling into the battle formation which their chief prescribed for the approaching conflict. As they neared the southern end of the lake they grew more

wary, encamping by day, and moving stealthily forward at night.

It was ten o'clock in the evening of July 29, seventeen days after the little fleet had set out from above the rapids of the Richelieu. The canoes with their dusky paddlers were moving cautiously forward, nearing the little promontory that juts out at Ticonderoga. Suddenly a war-whoop was heard. It was the defiant yell of the enemies they had come to seek.

The Iroquois were likewise in canoes, just setting out up the lake on a counter foray against the Algonquins. Both sides checked their progress and drew off a little, preferring daybreak for the fighting. The Algonquins and Hurons lashed their skiffs together in a group, and floated on the lake a bowshot off shore, while the Iroquois, hastily disembarking, barricaded themselves on the bank. The night passed in noisy disturbance, with songs and shoutings, and with vociferated insults bandied back and forth across the water. The Iroquois taunted their adversaries with cowardice, and swore to prove it to their ruin in the morning. The latter mockingly jeered back, shouting direful threats, and boasting mysteriously of having potent weapons which their enemies had never seen before.

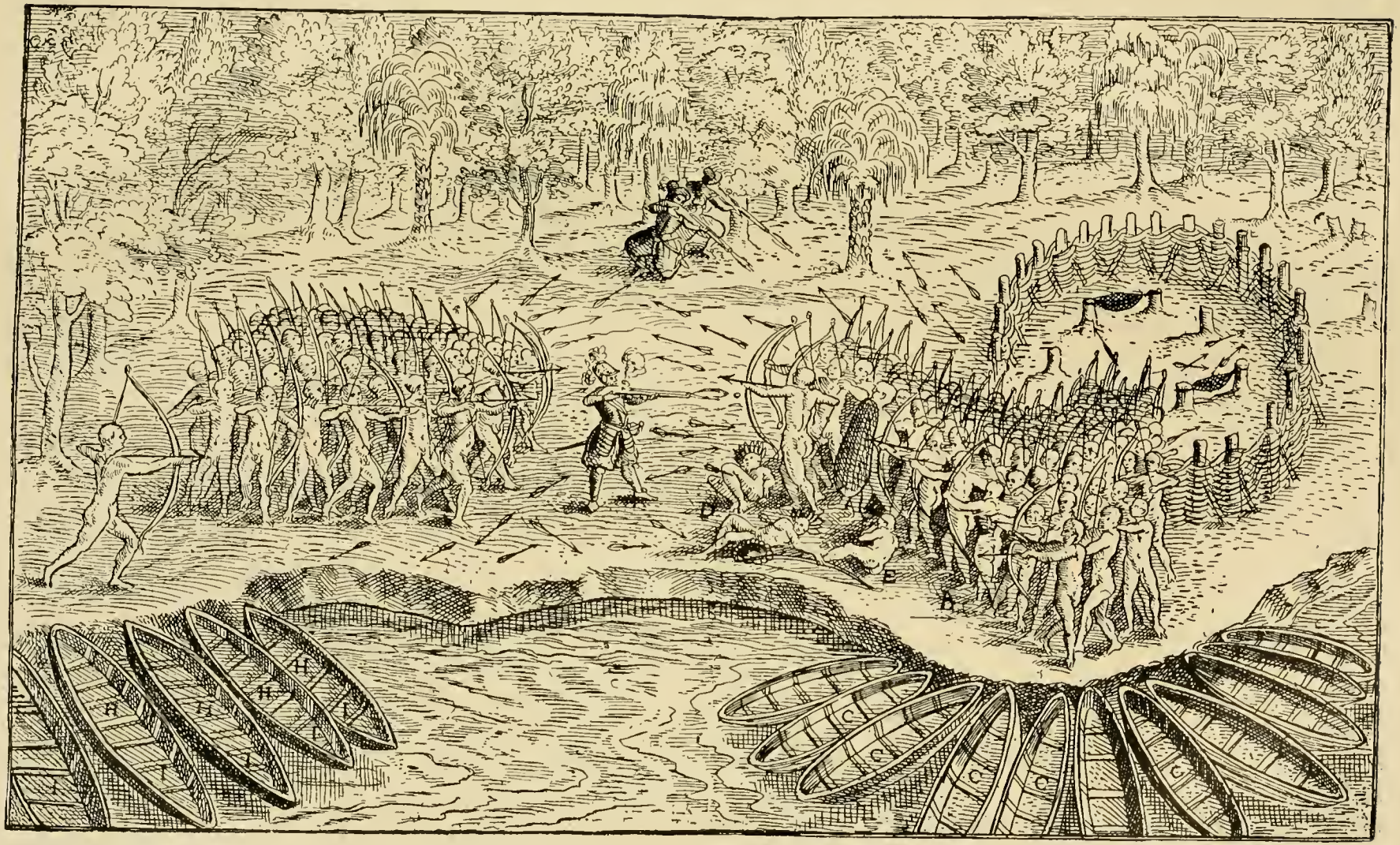
As day began to dawn, the invaders paddled

to the land, a little distance up the lake, and prepared for battle. Champlain and his two followers, keeping out of sight, put on their light armor and loaded their arquebuses. The two men with a few of the Indians made a circuit into the woods to take the enemy in flank, Champlain staying with the main body. Both sides advanced to the attack.

We will let Champlain himself tell of the battle.

"I saw them come out of their barricade, nearly two hundred men, tall and powerful, and move slowly toward us with a gravity and assurance which amused me vastly. At their head were three chiefs. Our men advanced with the same order. They told me that the men with the three feathers were the leaders, . . . and that I should shoot to kill them. I promised to do what I could. I said I was sorry they could not understand me well enough to take instructions as to the proper order and formation of the attack, in which case we should assuredly win; but that there was no remedy for that now, and that I was quite ready to prove by combat my courage and good-will."

The opposing bands now rushed toward each other. "Our men began to call me loudly; and to give me passage they opened into



THE DEFEAT OF THE IROQUOIS ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN. (Drawn by Champlain.)

A. Barricade of the Iroquois. B. Iroquois. C. Canoes of the Iroquois. D, E. Two chiefs killed and one wounded by Champlain. F. Champlain. G. Champlain's companions. H. Algonquins and their allies. I. Canoes of the Algonquins. K. Forest.

two ranks and put me at the head, about twenty paces in advance. When I was about thirty paces from the enemy, the latter suddenly perceived me. They halted and stared. I did the same. When I saw them nervous in taking their aim, I put my arquebus to my cheek and aimed straight at one of the three chiefs. At the shot, two fell dead, and one of their companions was so wounded that he died shortly after. I had put four balls into my gun. When our men saw this shot, so effective for them, they began to yell so jubilantly that you could not have heard thunder. Volleys of arrows now flew from both sides. The Iroquois were dumbfounded that two of their number should have been killed so promptly, seeing that they wore a sort of armor woven with cotton thread,[1] and carried arrow-proof shields. The thing unnerved them.

"As I was reloading, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods. This, following on the death of their leaders, so demoralized them that they lost their heads completely and took to their heels. Abandoning the field and their fort, they dashed into the depths of the

[1] Parkman explains that it was made of twigs interlaced with vegetable fiber. Colden, in his "Five Nations," describes the primitive armor worn by the Iroquois in this fight as "a kind of cuirass made of pieces of wood join'd together."

forest, and, pursuing them, I killed several others. Our savages also killed a number, and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest escaped, with their wounded. Fifteen or sixteen on our side received arrow-wounds, which were soon healed.''

Thus went the battle. It was but a holiday skirmish for the French. But it was the cause of a bitter and bloody hatred on the part of the Iroquois—a hatred which never afterward slept. The long-standing enmity cherished by that nation toward the Algonquins extended thenceforth to the French also. In later years, when the English and Dutch sided with the Iroquois, the feud became a fierce and deadly war that at times threatened the life of the whole colony of New France.

For the Iroquois were foes to be feared. This was their first experience with musketry, but they were soon to come to know its use. Their five allied nations, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas,[1] comprised the fiercest savages on the continent. They dwelt in fortified villages stretching directly across the center of what is now the State of New York. They tilled the soil, and hence were not subject to the terrible inroads

[1] The Oneidas were kin of the Mohawks, and the Cayugas of the Senecas.

of famine periodically suffered by the less efficient though more numerous Algonquins. They called their line of villages "the Long House"; and when one tribe was attacked, all the rest declared vengeance—vengeance that might bide its time but was sure to fall at last. Champlain was evoking the enmity of a potent foe when he meddled with this war-party of Mohawks at Ticonderoga Point, that sunny midsummer morning.

"On the July day when the Frenchman's thunder and lightning so frightened those dusky warriors," says John Fiske in his "New France and New England," " a little Dutch vessel named the Half Moon, with an English captain, was at anchor in Penobscot Bay, while the ship's carpenter was cutting and fitting a new foremast. A few weeks later, the Half Moon dropped anchor above the site of Troy and within the very precincts within which the warriors of the Long House kept watch. How little did Henry Hudson imagine what a drama had already been inaugurated in those leafy solitudes! A few shots of an arquebus on that July morning had secured for Frenchmen the most dangerous enemy and for Dutchmen and Englishmen the most helpful friend that the mysterious American wilderness could afford."

After the battle, the triumphant Algonquins took possession of the loot. The Iroquois in their panic had abandoned everything—camp, canoes, axes, provisions; even bows and arrows and bucklers, which they had thrown aside in their precipitate flight. The victors gave themselves up to a mad orgy of feasting, dancing and singing, which lasted for several hours. Then the expedition turned homeward.

At camp, the first evening, Champlain witnessed a sight which he was often to witness again in future years, but always unwillingly and with horror—the torture of a prisoner. He describes the scene with ghastly minuteness. The savages were deaf to his remonstrances at their cruelty. Finally he could bear the sight no longer. Finding it impossible to save the victim, he seized his carbine and put the mangled wretch out of his agony.

Reaching the St. Lawrence, the Hurons took their way westward, parting from the Frenchmen with mutual protestations of esteem. They promised to conduct Champlain into their own domain the following year, provided that he would again fight for them. This promise of the Indians meant much to the pertinacious pioneer. He was fascinated by the unsolved secrets of the continent, and would

not be content till he should have explored beyond the St. Lawrence to the great chain of lakes of which he had heard, and so, perhaps, have opened up the longed-for way to China.

The Governor returned to Quebec, where all eagerly listened to his account of the adventure. It was his plan to return to France for the winter, in order to report to De Monts. He went down to Tadoussac to consult with Pontgravé, who had been extending his sphere of business operations by a visit to Gaspé; and it was agreed that the two should sail for home together. In Pontgravé's force was a Captain Pierre Chavin or Chauvin, of Dieppe (not the Chauvin who, with Pontgravé, had wintered at Tadoussac in 1600), an old but trustworthy man, on whom responsibility could be placed. To him was confided the care of the little colony at Quebec for the coming winter.

Champlain, accompanied by Chauvin, returned to Quebec, where he put matters in order for his departure, leaving again for Tadoussac on September 1. On the fifth of the month the two shipmates, Champlain and Pontgravé, set sail from the mouth of the Saguenay, and on the thirteenth of October were safely warped alongside the ancient stone quay at Honfleur.

CHAPTER IX

ANOTHER FOREST BATTLE

1610

De Monts was unable to get his concession renewed. The king was friendly but firm. He listened affably to Champlain's narrative; graciously accepted the native girdle of porcupine quills, the skull of a garpike, two scarlet tanagers, and the dried head and arms of a slain Iroquois, which the Algonquins had generously sent him; and agreed with all that was urged as to the expediency of continuing the little settlement on the St. Lawrence. De Monts might continue as Lieutenant-General of New France, if he so desired. But the trade must be open to all.

De Monts was troubled. It would be hard to maintain the colony without some restriction in the trade. He had already lost a hundred thousand livres in his Acadian venture. But he had persistence in following up his enterprise. That little fort under the

cliff, at the narrowing of the river, was dear to him and to Champlain. It stood for an idea, an ambition. Moreover, Quebec as a base would enable Champlain to penetrate farther into lands beyond, and perhaps parallel in the north the rich discoveries of Cortez and Pizarro far in the south. If gold should not be found, copper at least might be. Though the monopoly had expired, there remained the right to trade on equal terms with others, and this was not without some margin of profit to recoup expenses. But above this, a real spirit of patriotism seems to have animated De Monts in his earnest wish to foster the infant colony.

With Champlain he went to Rouen, to consult with two of his partners in the company; and it was agreed to hold to their plans. Champlain was to continue as Governor of the province, and Pontgravé was again to have charge of the commercial side of the enterprise. An early start in the spring was projected. Champlain spent the winter in Paris, and repaired to Honfleur at the end of February, 1610, sailing with Pontgravé on March 7. Fog and storm detained the vessel awhile in English harbors. During this time, Champlain became ill and went back by boat to Havre for medical care. Shortly after, Pont-

gravé came back also, to procure more ballast for his vessel; and Champlain, though not yet wholly convalescent, was able to embark again with him on April 8.

The throwing open of the fur traffic had had its prompt effect; and at Tadoussac, instead of the one defiant Basque trader whom Pontgravé had attacked with more valor than discretion the year before, there were now several vessels, eagerly competing for the Indians' store of peltries. There were still other vessels farther up the river. They had hastened across to forestall De Monts's ships.

Here, too, at Tadoussac were numerous Montagnais, impatiently awaiting Champlain's arrival. They had not forgotten his promise to fight again with them against the Iroquois, and they could scarcely control their eagerness to win another such victory as the one on Lake Champlain. The Governor assured them that his promise still held good, and the braves shouted with delight. They had learned to trust his word implicitly.

"Here are a lot of Basques and St. Malouins," Champlain quotes them as saying. "They tell us that they too would come and fight for us if we liked. What do you think of it? Are they telling the truth?"

"No, they are not," he promptly replied.

"I know their intentions well enough. They tell you this only to get your trade."

"The white Governor is right!" cried the Indians. "They are women, and want only to make war upon our beavers." And the savages laughed contemptuously.

Champlain now proceeded up the river to Quebec. Sixty red-skinned warriors accompanied him in their canoes. Everything was found in excellent condition at the settlement. The winter had been mild, and there had been almost no illness. This was most reassuring, after past hardships. "It shows," remarks our author, "how those attempting to start similar colonies in the future ought to proceed. It is not easy to found a new settlement without hard work, and without meeting more or less bad fortune the first year, as has happened in all our first settlements. As a matter of fact, if one avoids salt food and eats fresh meats, his health is as good here as in France."

Champlain had formed a plan to circumvent the rival traders in the river by sending three or four barks up to Trois Rivières, there to intercept the natives as they descended the stream and to secure their traffic. He carried this plan into immediate effect. On June 14 he set out in person for the same place, where a rendezvous had been arranged with the Al-

gonquins and with some expected Hurons. The sixty Montagnais, who had gone on ahead, were there awaiting him, and the men in the barks were found busy in barter. One of the natives added fuel to Champlain's burning wish to explore westward, by presenting him with an ingot of solid copper, which he said was found "on the bank of a river near a great lake." The Indian explained that they collected the metal in lumps, and melting it, spread it out into sheets, which they hammered flat by means of stones.

The little fleet of canoes and Champlain's barks presently moved on to the mouth of the Richelieu, where the party pitched camp for a day to await their Algonquin allies, who had not yet arrived. As the bright morning sunlight glinted along the water, a canoe came suddenly into sight, paddled in frantic haste toward the camp. As it touched the shore, an Algonquin leaped out, bringing exciting tidings. The Iroquois had this time taken the offensive, and a war-party of a hundred strong had come down the Richelieu to surprise their enemies. Instead, they had themselves been surprised by a still larger Algonquin party. They had taken refuge in the circular fort or barricade which they had run up the night before, and the Algonquins could not dislodge

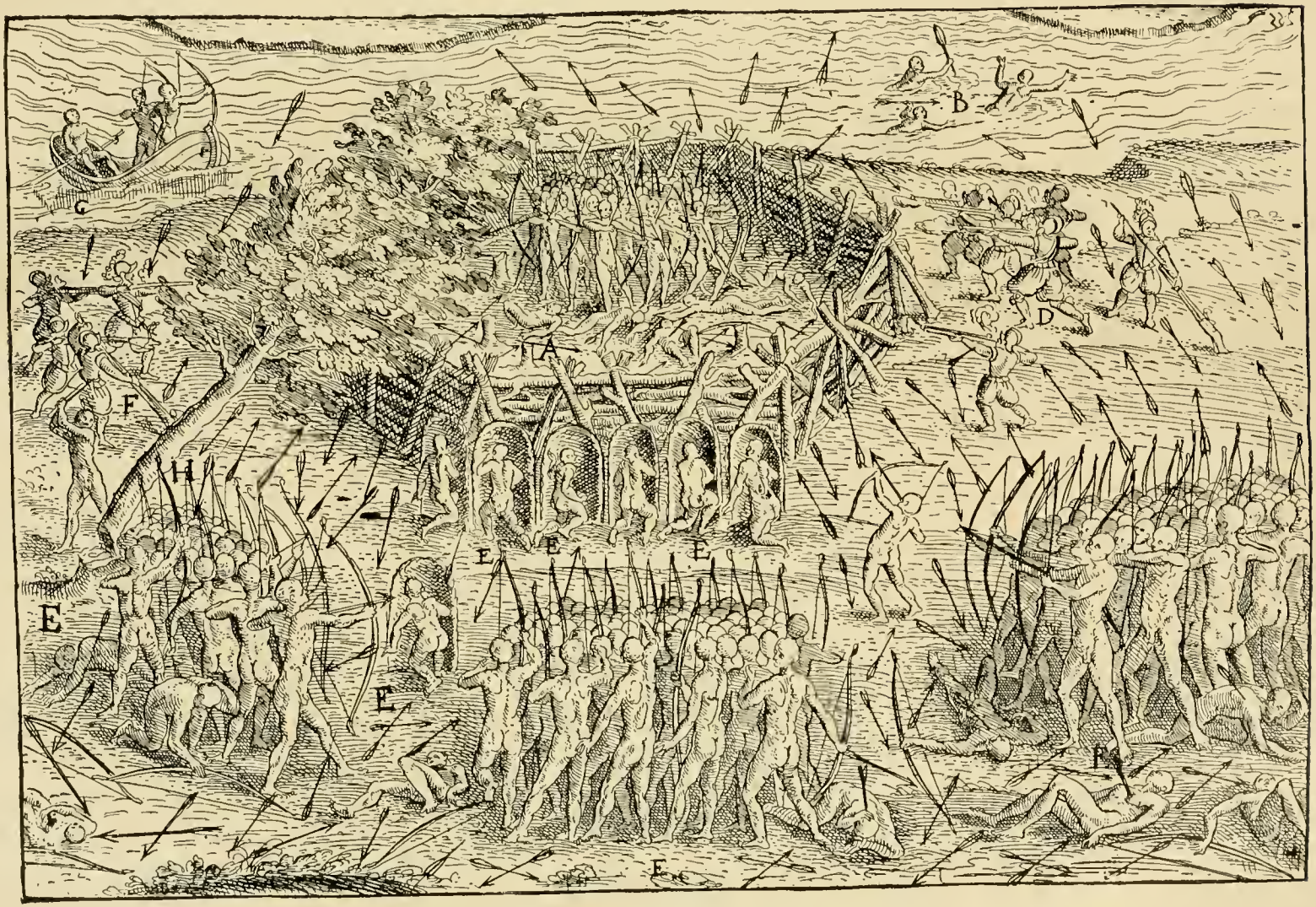
them. Even now, the fight was in furious progress, a few miles away.

A scene of frenzied disorder followed. The yelling horde made for their canoes, taking Champlain and four of his men with them almost by main force. The other Frenchmen, who were there for trading purposes, did not feel impelled to see this wild adventure further, and remained behind, taunted with cowardice by the excited savages. The canoes splashed their mad way to a point on the opposite bank of the Richelieu, where the Indiams armed themselves with their bucklers, bows and arrows, clubs and swords, and took to the woods. So fast did they go, that they quickly left Champlain and his four companions guideless in the rear. Encumbered by the pikemen's corselets which they wore, and tormented by swarms of mosquitoes, they stumbled along, in dense woods and underbrush, and through swamp and marsh, often knee-deep in water. After struggling on for a mile and a half, they came up with two of their native allies, who guided them to the scene of the fight. On the way, an Algonquin chief came running back to urge them to hurry. The Algonquins and Montagnais had tried to force the barricade and had been driven back. Several of their best men

had been killed and others were wounded. They had drawn off their forces, and were now anxiously waiting for the Frenchmen with their invincible arms and arquebuses. In a few moments, Champlain came upon the scene. The opposing bands were yelling fiercely at one another; but the Algonquin shout which arose at the appearance of the armed Governor of Canada utterly drowned the defiant cries of the entrenched foe.

The battle recommenced fiercely, the sharp detonations of the carbines adding greater uproar to the noisy encounter. Just as Champlain fired his first shot, a well-aimed arrow, headed with flint, struck him. Piercing the end of his ear, it entered his neck. With a quick pull he tore it out, and fell to firing again. The conflict raged hotly. The Iroquois were disconcerted by the gun-fire, but fought stubbornly. Champlain saw that a breach must be made in their palisade. The Algonquins, following his directions, rushed in under cover of their long shields, striving to open a gap in the fortification, while the Europeans kept up a rapid fire.

At this juncture reenforcements burst upon the scene. The sailors who had remained in the barks, a league or more away, had heard



THE SECOND FIGHT WITH THE IROQUOIS. (Drawn by Champlain.)

A. The Iroquois barricade. B. Iroquois trying to escape. C. Champlain and his followers. E. Algonquins and their allies. F. Des Prairies and his companions. G. Boat which brought reenforcements under Des Prairies. H. Tree which, in its fall, made the breach in the Iroquois barricade.

the firing, and some of them, unable to refrain from taking a hand in the fight, had come hurrying through the woods, under the lead of a bold young St. Malouin named Des Prairies.

"When I saw him," writes Champlain, "I stopped the savages who were pulling down the fort, so that the newcomers might have a share in the sport." The sailors were given a chance to fire several volleys, after which the entire party rushed the fort together. The trapped Iroquois, mad with terror and rage, fought desperately, but without avail. Bullets poured in through the crevices, piercing their unprotected bodies. One after another fell writhing. A breach was made, and the place was triumphantly carried by storm.

The victory was complete. Not an Iroquois escaped alive, all being killed or captured, or drowned in the river while running away. The savages scalped the dead, and with their trophies exultingly escorted the Frenchmen back to the trading barks.

The Iroquois band had been wiped out. But while a hundred had fallen, thousands more were in the forests and fields of their home country—wily, vindictive, merciless, and unforgetting.

Champlain's wound was dressed by the

company's surgeon, who fortunately was in one of the barks. The sailors and traders yielded the Governor an increased tribute of respect. He had shown that he could not only govern but fight. The indefinable military air of command which he had acquired in army life in Brittany was manifestly based on bravery, even on daring. In the rough community which he controlled, such traits gave a prestige which was of no little importance.

Pontgravé arrived at Trois Rivières the day after Champlain's return to that place. He had seen the wisdom of his friend's shrewd commercial move, and was following it up. His bark had a full cargo and was ready for business. The belated Hurons, now arriving, soon made trade sufficiently brisk. Captain Chauvin also ran up from Quebec. Both Pontgravé and he were greatly interested in the story of this second Indian fight, and congratulated their leader heartily on the outcome.

There was more torture of prisoners—a custom too deeply rooted among all the native tribes to be checked by the French. Not only men but women took part in this horrible pastime, each vying with the other in inventing new torments. Champlain claimed one prisoner as his own, thus saving him from the

fate of his fellows. The man afterward escaped.

While at Trois Rivières, the Governor arranged with the Indians to allow one of his followers, Étienne Brûlé, a hardy young lad who had been in Quebec for two seasons, to go with them to their winter homes up the Ottawa in order to learn their language and mode of life. In return, they entrusted to Champlain one of their young braves to take with him to France.

For some reason, the explorer found it impracticable to undertake his projected northern and western trips during that summer. He spent several weeks at Quebec, where he built additional fortifications around the post, and whence he made two or three business trips to Tadoussac. At this time a vessel arrived from Brouage, Champlain's home port, bringing startling tidings. King Henry IV, stabbed in his state carriage by the dagger of a fanatic assassin, was dead, and the young Louis XIII, under the regency of his mother, Marie de Médicis, had succeeded to the throne.

This was grievous news to Champlain, who had known the keen and forceful Béarnese king for a dozen years and had uniformly been honored with his personal friendship. What effect the event might have on the for-

tunes and plans of De Monts and his associates could only be conjectured; but Champlain felt it important to go back to France earlier than he had intended.

As Captain Chauvin also wished to go back, an officer by the name of Du Parc, who had been with Chauvin at Quebec during the past winter, was put in charge, and the sixteen men who were to garrison the post were enjoined to render him full obedience. The grain sowed the year before was doing well, promising an ample supply for the winter. A fine vegetable garden was also under cultivation. On August 13 Pontgravé and Champlain sailed from Tadoussac and on September 27 entered the mouth of the Seine and moored at Honfleur.

CHAPTER X

THE BEGINNINGS OF MONTREAL

1611

On a wintry Monday afternoon in December, 1610, a small but interested group of people was gathered in a dingy law office at the Sign of the Mirror, in the ancient parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois in Paris.

Prominent among them was an elderly gentleman, Nicolas Boullé by name, private secretary to the king. His wife Marguerite was with him; and close beside them, looking rather frightened, was a fair-faced little girl of twelve—their daughter Marie Hélène. Her aunt Geneviève and several friends of the family were near by, and the young girl was doubtless no less oppressed by their air of importance and formality than by the black garments, powdered wigs, and official mien of the two musty notaries, Nicolas Chocquillot and Loys Arragon, who sat together at a long table.

Not far away was standing Captain the Sieur Samuel de Champlain, of Brouage, now over forty years of age, soldierly in bearing, manly and kind-looking in face.[1] He kept glancing at the young girl near him, with reassuring smiles mingled with very evident admiration. By his side was his friend, the noted nobleman Pierre du Guast, known as the Sieur de Monts, Gentleman in Ordinary of the King's Chamber, Governor of Pons in France and Lieutenant-General of half a continent across the waters. Near by were De Monts's secretary, M. Jean Roernan, a good friend of Champlain; De Monts's Rouen partner, the Hon. Lucas Legendre, whose acquaintance with Champlain arose from their business connections; Counselor Anthoine de Murad, a distinguished barrister at court, also a friend of the now celebrated traveler; and several other gentlemen and well-to-do business men. Captain the Sieur François du Pont Gravé de St. Malo was not there, being doubtless too busily engrossed at Honfleur; and one regrets the absence from this representative little group of Champlain's intimates, of that tried and true old friend, of whom Lescarbot warmly wrote as "worthy to rank among the heroes of New France."

[1] See frontispiece.

Spread out on the table was a formidable-looking sheet of parchment, closely written over in the crabbed legal handwriting of the time. Large red seals were ready to be affixed. It was a contract of marriage between Hélène Boullé and Samuel Champlain.

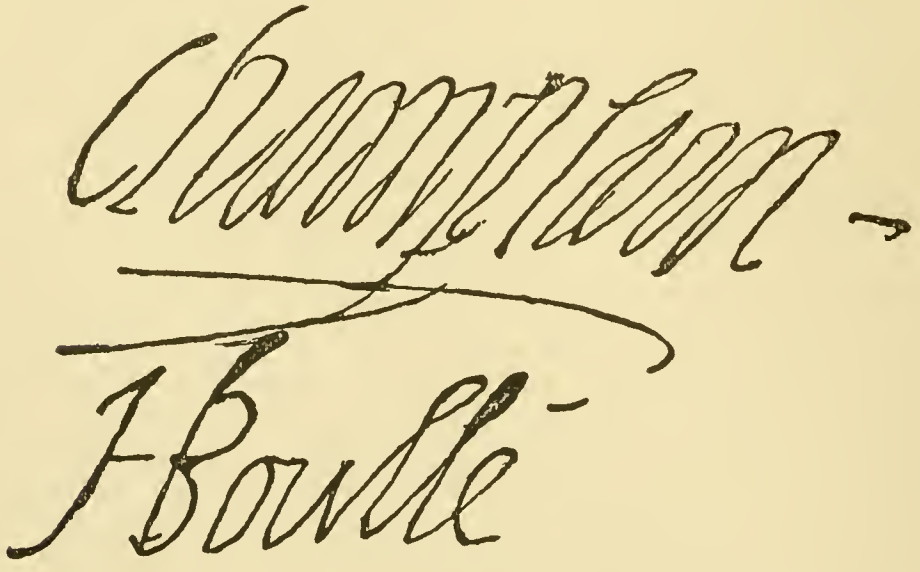
It is not known just how long the latter had known his child betrothed. Since his last return to Paris, three months before, he had had apartments in the Rue Tirechappe, in the same quarter of the city in which the Boullés lived, their home being in the Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois, not far from the office in which this meeting was now being held. A very pretty little romance had evidently been unfolding itself during the bright weeks of the autumn; and Champlain had astonished the worthy secretary of the king by asking him for his daughter's hand in marriage.

M. Boullé was pleased enough, we may be sure, to have Sieur Champlain for a son-in-law; but as Hélène was still a mere child, it was arranged that although the marriage contract should be signed, and the formal ceremony performed, she should continue for the present to live with her parents.

M. Boullé gave as dowry a sum of six thousand livres tournois, or 6,000 francs—equal to much more than that sum in to-day's money—

of which three-quarters was to be paid to Champlain at the signing of the contract. Champlain on his part agreed to settle eighteen hundred livres outright on his wife, and to leave to her the income of all his other property "in case of his death in voyages on the sea and in places where he is employed in the service of the king."

All this and much more, written in the quaint legal phraseology of the Old French of the day, was read out by the droning voice of one of the notaries. Champlain, stepping forward, signed his name in a bold hand, attested by his witnesses; and little Hélène, timidly coming up, formed the characters of her own



name in the place indicated, her father and mother signing as guardians. The red seals were affixed, and the contract was complete.

Two days later, in the historic old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, a ceremony of betrothal was performed, the same group with others probably gathering to witness it, followed on the next day, December 30, by the formal ceremony of marriage. Hélène went back to her parents' home; and Champlain, with a certain new interest and anticipation in life, turned his thoughts again toward the wooded wilderness and the struggling colony of New France.[1]

For De Monts's company it was a critical time. If an income could be made year by year from the fur trade sufficient merely to cover outlays, De Monts would be willing to continue his Canadian enterprises. Otherwise he must give them up, for he had already spent great sums of money in the last six years and could not longer endure the drain. The coming summer, it was felt, would be a crucial one.

Champlain accordingly gave up all plans of exploration for the year, and prepared to devote himself, with Pontgravé's aid, to finding

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[1] Faillon regards this marriage as arranged in a friendly way by De Monts to aid Champlain's finances, the latter's royal annuity having probably ceased at the death of the king. He argues that it was to give Champlain funds to invest personally in the Canada enterprise. But the dowry was scarcely large enough to have been a paramount object, and we have nowhere found anything to support Faillon's view.

means of saving the trade. In the last days of the Paris winter he made his final lingering visits at the home of the Boullés, and taking post for Honfleur, joined Pontgravé, and embarked on March 1, 1611.

The allusion in the marriage contract to the possibility of Champlain's demise "in voyages on the sea" came perilously near to acquiring a prescient significance on this passage. Unusually numerous ice-fields were afloat in the North Atlantic. Towering bergs surrounded the little vessel, great floes closed in around it, and fogs enveloped it and added to the danger. Shrouds and rigging glistened with frozen sleet. For weeks the voyagers drifted or frantically tacked about in this huge ice-trap, frozen with the cold, worn out with work and watching, and having a score of narrow escapes from instant shipwreck. One lofty berg, bearing down upon them in the night, just shaved the bowsprit as it drove by the ship. More than once the small boats were made ready, with the desperate plan of putting off to the nearest ice-floe. Splendid seamanship and incessant vigilance saved the vessel. Captain Pontgravé and his crew succeeded finally in working it into the gulf, and, scarcely able to credit their escape, brought their battered craft into the little harbor at Tadoussac,

firing a cannon-shot in joyous salute. They had been no less than seventy-four days on this trying voyage.

The season was late. It was May 13, and yet the country was still white with snow. The business outlook was not very bright. Already three other vessels had fought their way across the ice-choked ocean and were bidding for skins. There were as yet only a few Montagnais to be seen along the river, and these were hungry and poor.

Leaving Pontgravé to effect what he could at Tadoussac, the indefatigable Champlain, four days later, pushed on to Quebec. Du Parc and the sixteen others in the colony were all in the best of health. The houses in the post had been improved from year to year, and were now warm and comfortable in any weather. The store of provisions had been ample for the winter, and the men had had considerable fresh game besides.

This was highly satisfactory. But Champlain's thoughts were now reaching beyond Quebec. He perceived that, with the trade open to rivals, an additional site farther up the river would be of extreme value, as intercepting the eastward journeys of the Algonquins and Hurons in the spring. The region that naturally suggested itself was at the foot

of the great rapids, now called the Lachine, which he and Pontgravé had viewed and had unsuccessfully attempted to pass in 1603. This was the head of uninterrupted navigation, and here a new settlement could accomplish much. It was at this place that he had promised to meet the Algonquins, in order to restore to them Savignon, the young Indian who had spent the winter in France,[1] and to greet again the young French lad, Etienne Brûlé, who had wintered in the wigwams on the Ottawa. Champlain had thus a double reason for a trip up the river.

There were several merchant vessels at Quebec. All were vying with Champlain and with each other in bargaining with the few natives who were to be found; and they watched every movement of the company's representative with jealous eyes. When they saw him repairing his bark for a farther ascent of the St. Lawrence, they promptly fell to building rough boats of their own, in order to follow after him.

Champlain gave them the slip as soon as possible, reaching the foot of the Rapids on

[1] Lescarbot remarks: "I have often seen this savage of Champlain's, Savignon, in Paris—a big, lusty buck, who used to laugh to see sometimes a couple of men quarrel without [striking or] killing each other, saying that they were only women and had no courage."

May 28. The Algonquins had not yet appeared. He improved the time of waiting by making a thorough inspection of the locality, with a view to his contemplated new post. He had little difficulty in selecting the most desirable site. It was the spot where he had landed with Pontgravé eight years before, after they had vainly tried to paddle their canoe up the Rapids. Here, flanked by a little estuary of the river, and backed by the low mountain which Cartier had named Mont Réal, was a stretch of sixty acres of open land, suitable alike for habitation and cultivation. In Cartier's time the Iroquois village of Hochelaga had occupied this spot. Fruit trees and nut trees were in the vicinity, grapes and small fruits were plentiful, and the neighborhood afforded abundance of game. Out in the river near at hand were several small islands which might be easily fortified. Clearly here was an ideal place for a settlement.

No men could be spared this year to form a new colony; but Champlain cannily preempted the place for future uses by having a tract leveled and cleared, to be built on later. He named the spot Place Royale. It was in later times known as Point Caillières, and forms a part of the present city of Montreal. He even prepared some soil for gardening,

and planted numerous seeds. The largest island near by in the river he romantically named the Island of St. Hélène, in remembrance of his little betrothed who was then demurely going to school at the Ursuline convent in the parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois in Paris.

Champlain also made a long trip afoot beyond the Rapids, with Savignon as guide, going as far as the Lake of Two Mountains, a distance of about twenty-five miles.

On June 8 Pontgravé appeared on the scene, having been unable to accomplish anything at Tadoussac. In his wake came a number of barks, pataches, shallops and other nondescript craft, thirteen in all, bringing free-lance traders, every one greedy for business. But there were as yet no Indians to do business with.

At length, on June 13, a swarm of over two hundred natives, in light bark canoes laden with beaver-skins and other peltries, swept fearlessly and safely down the truculent Lachine Rapids, and reaching smooth water, paddled toward the cluster of barks and shallops off Place Royale. Champlain at once got into a skiff, and with the Indian, Savignon, pushed out to meet them. He quickly recognized in one of the canoes the

French lad, Etienne Brûlé, faithfully brought back by his winter hosts. At the same time the savages caught sight of Savignon, and a great shout of satisfaction went up. Speeches were made then and there in midriver, and Champlain fired a salute with his arquebus. At this, the traders in the thirteen small vessels in the stream, not to be outdone, fell to firing uproarious salutes themselves.

But this latter excess of demonstration proved rather alarming than reassuring to the visitors. Champlain and his men they trusted unreservedly. But as to newcomers they were inclined to feel suspicious.

Their disquiet was not lessened on going ashore. The whole rabble of traders followed and accosted them, some ingratiatingly, but others with rudeness; made free of their cabins, importuned them for their furs, and seriously broke into their native reserve. Begging Champlain to come to their wigwams in the night, the Indian leaders held a long and grave consultation with him. They did not at all like the state of affairs. Champlain sought to reassure them; but after trading for a day or two they secretly broke camp and left, telling only the trusted White Governor of their intention. They made a halt at the Lake of Two Mountains above the Rapids, where the

strangers' vessels could not follow them. There they held another consultation with Champlain, whom they had asked to meet them. They urged him not to let so many men come with him for trade next time. He responded ruefully that he had not brought them this time, the river at present being free to all; but he added that he hoped for better regulations another year. They then parted in great amity, Savignon very regretfully accompanying his tribe back to their forest homes. He told Champlain naïvely that life in Paris was vastly more agreeable than life in the woods. Champlain allowed two of his men to repeat Etienne Brûlé's experiment of going to winter with the savages. One of them accompanied the band of Savignon's brother, who was a prominent chief. The other went with a tribe of Ottawas. This idea of Champlain's of encouraging men to live with the Indians and learn their language and their ways developed into a fixed policy in succeeding years. It resulted in producing a set of expert interpreters and in greatly facilitating intercourse on both sides. Many of these men, fascinated with the wild life of the forests, came to love it better than life in the settlements. They became what were called *coureurs de bois*—"wood rangers." Roving and

adventurous, they pushed farther and farther into the wilderness, carrying with them their French traditions, yet often developing something of the wildness of the red man himself. These *coureurs de bois* came to play an important rôle in later colonial history.

On his return from the conference with his native friends, the Governor once more evidenced his coolness and intrepidity. Instead of letting him go back on foot, as he had come, the Indians proposed to take him down the Lachine in a canoe. They were marvelously expert in this accomplishment; but as one of his men had lost his life in this turbulent reach of waters only a few days before, Champlain might well have been pardoned for preferring to walk. But he had the quality of venturesomeness essential to every true pioneer. He was quite willing to experiment on shooting the Rapids; and shoot them he did, safely enough, though not without passing a sufficiently exciting quarter of an hour.

He remained for nearly two months at Place Royale. Various bands of Hurons and Algonquins arrived from time to time on the scene, and owing to their acquaintance with Champlain and their confidence in him, he and Pontgravé succeeded in securing for the company the bulk of the season's trade. This

was the mission of his summer. But it was manifest that the business was not what it had been in the time of the monopoly; and Champlain, as he sailed down the river on July 18 toward Quebec, felt no little misgiving as to the long continuance of the enterprise.

The little post was looking its best. The various crops of grain were ripening, vines were growing, and the fruit and nut trees were laden. The waters of the great river danced and flashed under the bright July sun, and its majestic banks, far and near, were green with rich summer foliage. Champlain, who had a charming weakness for flowers and gardens, planted a number of rose-bushes in the cultivated ground by the fort. After effecting a few repairs in the buildings, he went down to Tadoussac, and on Pontgravé's advice decided to sail for France in a vessel from Rochelle which was about to leave on its return voyage. De Monts, whom the Governor wished to see, was then, as he knew, in his home province of Saintonge; and as Rochelle was conveniently near, landing there would save Champlain a long journey by post from Honfleur or Paris.

He was not reminded on the homeward voyage of the perils of the outward one. The

ship, which took the northerly exit from the Gulf, by Belle Isle, was delayed by fog for a few days; but the far-stretching ice-floes and menacing bergs which had entrapped Champlain in April had now all vanished in the summer sea, and the passage was safe and speedy. On September 16, Captain Tibaut steered his ship skilfully into the harbor of Rochelle.

CHAPTER XI

A SEARCH FOR THE NORTH SEA

1613

FROM Rochelle down to Brouage is but a short journey; and it is hardly probable that Champlain would forego a little visit to his birthplace on his way to see De Monts. He had not been there for several years. His father, we know, was dead; his mother perhaps was still living, proud of her son's fame and achievements. Possibly that old grizzled Provençal captain-uncle, now past the age when he could sail the seas for the King of Spain, had returned to his old home town to live with his widowed sister and to loom large in the councils of the superannuated sailors in the cabarets along the quays. If so, he must have given his nephew a royal and admiring welcome; and have introduced with pride the Governor of Canada to his old cronies, relating, over manifold glasses of white wine, their joint adventures in piloting the French transports, filled with Spanish troops, from Blavet to Cadiz.

A Search for the North Sea

A few things of interest had been happening in Brouage since Champlain was last there. The Huguenots had been making themselves rather noisily prominent in the place, and in 1611 Marshal de St Luc, presumably the son of the town's old governor under whom Champlain had served in Brittany, came down by post from Paris, armed with royal authority, reinforced the royal garrison, and expelled many of the Protestants. Outwardly the place looked much as it had looked forty years before; and Champlain, ascending to the ramparts of the fort, could gaze down into the little harbor as of old, or could sweep with his eye the wide familiar stretch of salt marshes along whose dividing embankments he used to play as a boy.

Not far southeast of Brouage was the important stronghold of Pons, one of the principal towns of the province. After its capture from the Catholics by Coligny in 1560, it had been a tower of strength to the Huguenots, and later to Henry of Navarre in his war against the League. De Monts had recently been appointed Governor of this place, and it was now to Pons that Champlain bent his steps.

Here he held an earnest conference with his chief. He told De Monts the exact condition of affairs at Quebec, pointing out both their

favorable and unfavorable aspects, as bearing on the prospects of the company. De Monts decided to proceed to Paris to confer with his partners.

Champlain, who started for the capital a few days before him, undertook part of the journey on horseback. One day, while he was riding briskly on, his horse suddenly stumbled. Horse and rider fell heavily, the rider underneath.

It was a narrow escape from death. And the death of Champlain would have imperilled the life of New France. As it was, he was badly hurt; and it was some days or weeks before he was able to proceed on his way.

He found that De Monts had reached Paris before him, and had gone to Fontainebleau, where the court was. Champlain, joining him there, learned that De Monts's partners had had enough of the Canadian venture, and were unwilling to carry it any further. But De Monts himself could not yet make up his mind to give up that little post at Quebec, as he had been compelled to give up the post at Port Royal four years before. With rare tenacity of purpose he undertook to buy out his associates, though his resources had already been heavily depleted by his transatlantic enterprises. He cherished hopes that the new

king's government, now that it was fairly established, would see the importance of giving official aid to his project. He sent out some additional men to Quebec, and declared that he would stand by Champlain to the last.

But he soon found that he had too heavy a burden to bear. His finances temporarily collapsed; and, troubled and hard pressed, he summoned Champlain and told him that a new lieutenant-general must be found. It was with deepest regret that his friend heard of this decision; but he knew too well what sacrifices De Monts had already made for New France to urge him to make further ones.

The name of this high-minded nobleman henceforward appears much less conspicuously in Canadian history. It is an ornament alike to New France and to his own country, whose interests he had persisted in serving as it were against its will. He did not withdraw entirely from participation in transatlantic developments, retaining for many years a certain monetary interest in the successive companies which followed his own.[1]

De Monts had come to have no less confi-

[1] The *Encyclopédie Larousse* states that De Monts died in 1611; but this is clearly an error. That he was still living and active in 1612 is shown by a close study of Champlain's narrative; and the same narrative makes mention in 1617 of Sieur

dence in Champlain as an organizer and business man than as an explorer and administrator; and he left in the latter's hands the entire matter of forming a new corporation, and of protecting the interests of the old one. Champlain pondered over the matter very carefully. He reasoned that the first essential was to find some nobleman, of rank as high as De Monts's or higher, to take the lieutenant-generalship. No lesser name would serve; it needed some one of influence to deal with the never-ending opposition from outside interests. He felt further that the shares of the new company should be open to general purchase—thus anticipating the methods of modern corporations. This, by enabling them to participate in its undertakings, would turn enemies into friends, and should do away with much hostility.

To obtain a sweeping monopoly was at the time, he knew, out of the question; and he might not have sought one if he could have had it, for he had not a very high opinion of the rightfulness of these concessions. Yet it seemed clear that under entirely open trade

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de Monts as drawing up certain papers in connection with the company which succeeded his own. Charlevoix speaks of the Canadian voyage of 1628 as being connected with business of De Monts's.

no company could carry on a successful business. Champlain had seen the results of open trade during his last visit to the St. Lawrence. He therefore projected a compromise plan by which trade on the river above Quebec should be restricted, and trade below that point should be free.

He drew up a financial prospectus, and submitted it to the Secretary of the Treasury, the venerable Councillor Pierre Jeannin, who gave it his entire approval. For president of the new corporation, Champlain's choice had fallen on Prince Charles de Bourbon, known as the Count de Soissons, then Governor of Normandy and Dauphiné, and a Grand Master of France. Obtaining an introduction to the Prince from a member of the Royal Council, Champlain laid the plan before him. Maps were studied and the whole question was fully discussed. The proposition interested Soissons. He accepted the protectorate of the enterprise, stipulating that Champlain should continue as Governor. The charter passed the Council; and the outlook began to seem bright again.

At this juncture, the Count de Soissons was taken suddenly ill at his Château de Blandy, and on November 1, 1612, he died. This threw matters again into confusion. Champlain did

not dream of losing heart. Without delay he presented his plans to Henry de Bourbon II., Prince de Condé, grandson of one great leader who bore the name of Condé, and father of a still greater one. This prince had married a sister of the Duke of Montmorency. He was of the blood royal, and his position was one of the highest in the kingdom. He was very fond of money, and it is probable that the commercial possibilities of the enterprise attracted him more than did its broader motives. He consented to become the patron of the undertaking.

All these negotiations had consumed many months of time. The winter of 1611–12 and most of the following year had passed. Champlain had been compelled to forego his annual voyage. But the supply-ships had gone over as usual, and had returned bringing news of the settlement. Over two hundred Hurons and Algonquins had come to the foot of the rapids, in the expectation of again meeting Champlain, and had been greatly disappointed at not seeing him. There had been the same crowd of traders at this point as in the summer before, and these men, in order to capture the trade of the Indians, had told them that Champlain was dead. The new men sent over by De Monts had assured them to the con-

trary; but the report of the general state of affairs along the St. Lawrence made the Governor chafe at his enforced detention in France.

On the ships returning this fall (1612) were the two men who had wintered with the natives. One of these was named Nicolas de Vignau. He had gone with his dusky hosts up the Ottawa; and he brought home to France a most interesting report. He said that he had followed up the Ottawa to a large lake, and thence to a salt-water sea at the north, where he had seen the remains of an English vessel which had been wrecked. Its survivors, the Indians had told him, had escaped to land; but there, getting into difficulty with the natives in the effort to obtain provisions, they had all been killed and scalped. Now Henry Hudson, two years before, had discovered the great northern bay which bears his name; he had wintered in its lower part; and later, his sailors mutinying, he and his officers had been cast adrift, and they had not been heard of since. Vignau's story, therefore, awakened the keenest excitement in Paris, and the young man found himself quite a lion. To Champlain especially this narrative opened up possibilities of important exploration. Here was without doubt the Northwest Passage to China

and the Orient which he had so long desired to find. After questioning Vignau exhaustively, he consulted about the matter with Secretary Jeannin, Chancellor Sillery, and other men of prominence, including his old Brittany general, Marshal de Brissac, who was then living at court. They all urged Champlain to make the same trip himself, taking Vignau with him; and he determined that his next journey to Canada should have this for its main object.

On November 20, 1612, Condé was formally gazetted Lieutenant-General of New France and president of the new company; and two days later Champlain was reappointed Governor of Canada. His powers were the broadest possible. He might appoint subordinates, regulate justice, construct forts, make treaties or war with the natives and govern trade. He was enjoined to foster and extend the Roman Catholic religion. In particular, he was to make explorations, "notably from the place called Quebec, . . . in order to try to find any easy route by which to go through the said country to the country of China and the East Indies." The ensuing winter brought out some unexpected opposition, which it took all of Champlain's perseverance and pertinacity to overcome; and it

was not until the close approach of the spring of 1613 that he knew whether Condé's five ships were free to sail or not.

Meanwhile he was doubtless often at the Boullés' and saw as much as he could of his little affianced. Hélène at the time of her betrothal had been a Protestant, her parents both being of the religion "pretended reformed," as its enemies used to call it. Champlain was a sincere though never bigoted Catholic; he had brought the young girl under Ursuline influences, and during this and the following years he succeeded in molding her plastic mind to his own beliefs.

At length he bade adieu again to Paris, its work, its worries and its pleasures, and after a brief business visit in Rouen made his way down to Honfleur, where Captain Pontgravé, a little older, a little stouter perhaps, and redder in the face from the long buffeting of the Atlantic winds, but as jovial as ever, was expecting him. The two sailed on March 6, 1613, and on April 29 came in sight of Tadoussac.

A group of half-starved Montagnais Indians perceived the approaching vessel. With jubilant shouts they threw themselves into their canoes and paddled furiously toward it. Clambering on board without ceremony, they

eagerly demanded to know whether Champlain was there. The latter jokingly kept in the background, and his sailors declared that he had remained in France. The Indians would not believe it. They began a clamorous search. An old man saw a figure pacing the deck on the other side of the ship. Running over, he took hold of the man's ear. There were the plain scars of an arrow-wound. He gave a great cry, and the others rushing across fairly mobbed their beloved White Governor in their demonstrations of joy. Pontgravé was hugely amused, and his jolly sides shook with laughing.

Champlain, pushing on to Quebec, which he reached on May 7, found the little colony in good condition. There had been little severe cold and no sickness. At St. Helen's Island, opposite the little clearing at Montreal, Champlain found the scene much quieter than it had been in 1611. His work in Paris had had its effect. The noisy crowd of general traders had vanished, the river west of Quebec being now closed to them again. One of Champlain's barks was peacefully trading with the Indians. Business had not yet, however, fully recovered, the natives not generally knowing of the new and more satisfactory turn of affairs.

A Search for the North Sea

On May 27 Champlain hopefully set out from St. Helen's Island in search of that northern sea of which Vignau had told him. Vignau was with him, and two other Frenchmen (one of whom afterward turned back) were in the party. They had two canoes, and were piloted by an Algonquin, another native joining them later. From the start the traveling proved to be no holiday pastime. Carrying their canoes around the Lachine Rapids, they went up the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Ottawa, into which they turned. When the current was smooth, they paddled; when it was rougher, they toilsomely picked their way along the broken banks, towing their skiffs; when this was impossible they carried canoes and cargo bodily through the woods. In the hot July sun the task might well "make one sweat," as Champlain placidly remarks. The party had more than one narrow escape from accident at certain dangerous points. For ten days they fought their way forward. The mosquitoes were ravenous. Fallen trees impeded their portages. They had to leave behind them some of their baggage and most of their provisions, as the loads were too exhausting. But they toiled on, cheered by Vignau's vivid pictures of the great salt sea at their north, though little encouraged by his

account of the difficulties still ahead. At Muskrat Lake[1] they found a friendly chief who aided them in reaching Allumette Island. On the island dwelt a powerful Algonquin tribe which from that point commanded the Ottawa and exacted tribute from parties descending for trade. Here was an old chief, Tessouat —probably the same one that Champlain had met at Tadoussac on his first visit to Canada in 1603 and whom he had then called Besouat. The Indian was amazed to see his distinguished visitor, but gave him a hearty welcome and the best of native hospitality.

Champlain now felt with satisfaction that he was nearing his goal. But a rude awakening was in store for him. At a feast in his honor the next day, he told the Indians the object of his trip, referring to Vignau as having seen the great sea the year before. They at first laughed at him; then, as he appeared to be very much in earnest, they turned indignantly upon Vignau. They averred that the young man had spent the entire winter on their

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[1] In Ross County, near Muskrat Lake, on what is now called the Old Portage Road, the path which Champlain must have followed, there was found in 1867 an astrolabe, an instrument for determining latitudes. It is supposed to have been lost by Champlain on this trip. Only three astrolabes, of which this is one, are known to be in existence to-day.

island and had never gone a step farther to the north. Nicolas vehemently declared that he had. On this, a great outcry arose. They fell upon him with a fierce cross-questioning; and finally he broke down, and confessed that it was all a gigantic hoax. Champlain, amazed, learned that the man had never been above Allumette Island, where they now were, but had fashioned this tale of discovery out of whole cloth, in quest of reward from the company and of renown in France. Vignau had been aghast when he had found that Champlain proposed making the trip; but he had held stoutly to his story, fervently hoping that his leader might become discouraged on the way or might meet with insuperable obstacles, so that the tale would escape being discredited.

It was a bitter draught for Champlain to drink. Both his pride and his ambition had been played with. He had been most egregiously fooled. The best of the summer had been wasted. The Northern Sea was as far-off an abstraction as ever.

The Indians exulted. They had assured Champlain that it was utterly impossible to reach the open water from their country. They could not forbear a little malicious taunting. "Now, who were your friends?"

they jested. "Don't you see that he wanted to cause your death. Give him to us, and we promise you that he shall never lie again."

But the Governor would not hear of this. Deeply angry as he was with Vignau, he forbade the Indians to molest the impostor, saying that he wanted to exhibit him to the gentlemen at the Rapids to whom Vignau had boastfully promised to bring back some salt water. There, he said, they would deliberate upon his punishment.

There was nothing to do but turn back along the interminable route by which the little party had come. Before leaving the island, Champlain did a stroke of business, by explaining that his company had now four vessels at the Rapids, laden with merchandise for traffic; and that the other traders had been kept away, so that the Indians would be well treated. The Algonquins listened eagerly, and soon spread the news along the river. Champlain also did a characteristic act of piety. He had a large cross made of white cedar, carved upon it the arms of France, and erected it at a prominent point on the shore. He had found time to put up several similar crosses along his way. He urged the savages to preserve them, saying that to do so would

bring good fortune; and these children of the woods, readily impressed by anything that savored of charms or magic, solemnly promised to do so.

The Frenchmen had the consolation of returning with a much grander escort than they had had in coming. Forty canoes set out together. Others joined them along the way, until the number was increased to eighty. With this imposing flotilla, the Governor, after a week's journey, arrived safely at Montreal.

The only punishment that Champlain inflicted on Vignau was to compel him to stand up before an assemblage of all his compatriots at Montreal and publicly to confess the despicable part he had played. The young fellow had pleaded for forgiveness, vowing that he would do penance another year by honestly trying to force a way to the fabled sea; and with that condition Champlain let him off from other punishment. "We left him to the mercy of God," quaintly says the disappointed but magnanimous Governor.

Champlain had at least the satisfaction of having explored the Ottawa River for a long distance, and the further satisfaction of having done much to help the year's trade by bringing so many Indians back with him to

the Rapids. He was now anxious to return to France to complete the formation of the new company; and going down to Tadoussac, he sailed for St. Malo, arriving on August 26, 1613.

CHAPTER XII

A WINTER AMONG THE HURONS

1615–1616

The new transatlantic trading trust was finally successfully floated. Its privileges were to run for eleven years. One-third each of the disposable stock was allotted respectively to Rouen, St. Malo, and La Rochelle. The Rochelle merchants made difficulties and failed to take up their option within the time limited, and the whole amount was apportioned equally between the other two cities, representing Normandy and Brittany. The Rochellois were considerably disconcerted at this, and for a time gave no little trouble; but the vigilant Champlain balked all their hostile schemes, and the new company seemed at last to rest on a sound and solid footing. There were certain features about it which he would have liked to alter; but as he sagely remarked, "it was necessary to make arrows of all woods."

In the autumn of 1613 he brought out a second volume of his Voyages. The publisher

evidently felt assured of a remunerative sale, for he issued the work in substantial and even costly form, with the author's illustrations carefully reproduced in fine engravings.

It was felt by Champlain that the time had now come for religious influences to strike root in Canada. Acadia had already been made a Jesuit mission. Priests were equally needed along the St. Lawrence. Among Champlain's old friends was a Sieur Louis Houel, Secretary of the King and also Controller-General of the salt works at Brouage. Sieur Houel recommended to Champlain to take with him some friars of the Récollets, a Franciscan order, which had the devoutness without the political ambitions of the Jesuits. The papal sanction was obtained, and four missionaries were chosen, two being Brothers of the "Province of the Conception," whose convent was at Brouage itself. The names of these four men—the first representatives of the Holy Catholic Church in Canada proper—were Father Denis Jamay, Father Jean d'Olbeau, Father Joseph Le Caron, and Brother Pacifique du Plessis.

In these and other negotiations Champlain again spent a year and a half in France, not setting sail for Canada until April 24, 1615.

The company had fitted out an unusually large and fine vessel, the St. Etienne, of three hundred and fifty tons, commanded of course by the veteran Pontgravé. They reached Tadoussac on May 25, and went on at once to Quebec. Here, in an extemporized chapel, near the site of the present Notre Dame des Victoires, the first mass was celebrated by Father d'Olbeau and the other priests on June 25. They felt, says Sagard, "a gladness of spirit which can not be described; tears of joy welled from their eyes. It seemed to them that they had found Paradise in this savage country, and they hoped to draw the angels to their aid in conversion of this poor people, more ignorant than wicked." Their first act on landing, as Sixte le Tac relates, had been to kiss the soil and to thank God for having called them to this field of arduous labor.

Father Le Caron, making his way higher up the river to the foot of the Rapids, found there a great concourse of Hurons and other Indians, and what he saw of them so interested him that he determined to spend the winter in their country. He soon set out with a number of the Hurons, Champlain, who had also arrived at Montreal, sending some of his own men with him. Meanwhile the Governor himself was importuned by the savages to undertake a

third expedition against the Iroquois. They proposed this time an attack against one of the more westerly of the Five Nations. As this would afford him a fine opportunity for penetrating into new regions, the Governor assented. With ten Indians, and with two men of his own (one of whom was Etienne Brûlé, the young interpreter who had been the first to winter with the Indians), he started on the track of Le Caron.

The route took him at first over the same ground that he had covered on his fruitless journey with Vignau, two years before. Again they forced their canoes against the current, struggled through the woods around frequent falls, and encamped by night in the savage solitudes of the wilderness. The discomfort and chagrin of the former trip came vividly back to Champlain. Passing Allumette Island, they kept on to Lake Nipissing, where the Frenchmen made acquaintance with new tribes; and finally they reached the shore of Lake Huron. Champlain gazed with fascination at this vast stretch of water, whose extent his Indian guides described to him in graphic words. But the water was fresh, as he had known in advance, and he had no illusions as to its being the ocean that washed the shore of Cathay.

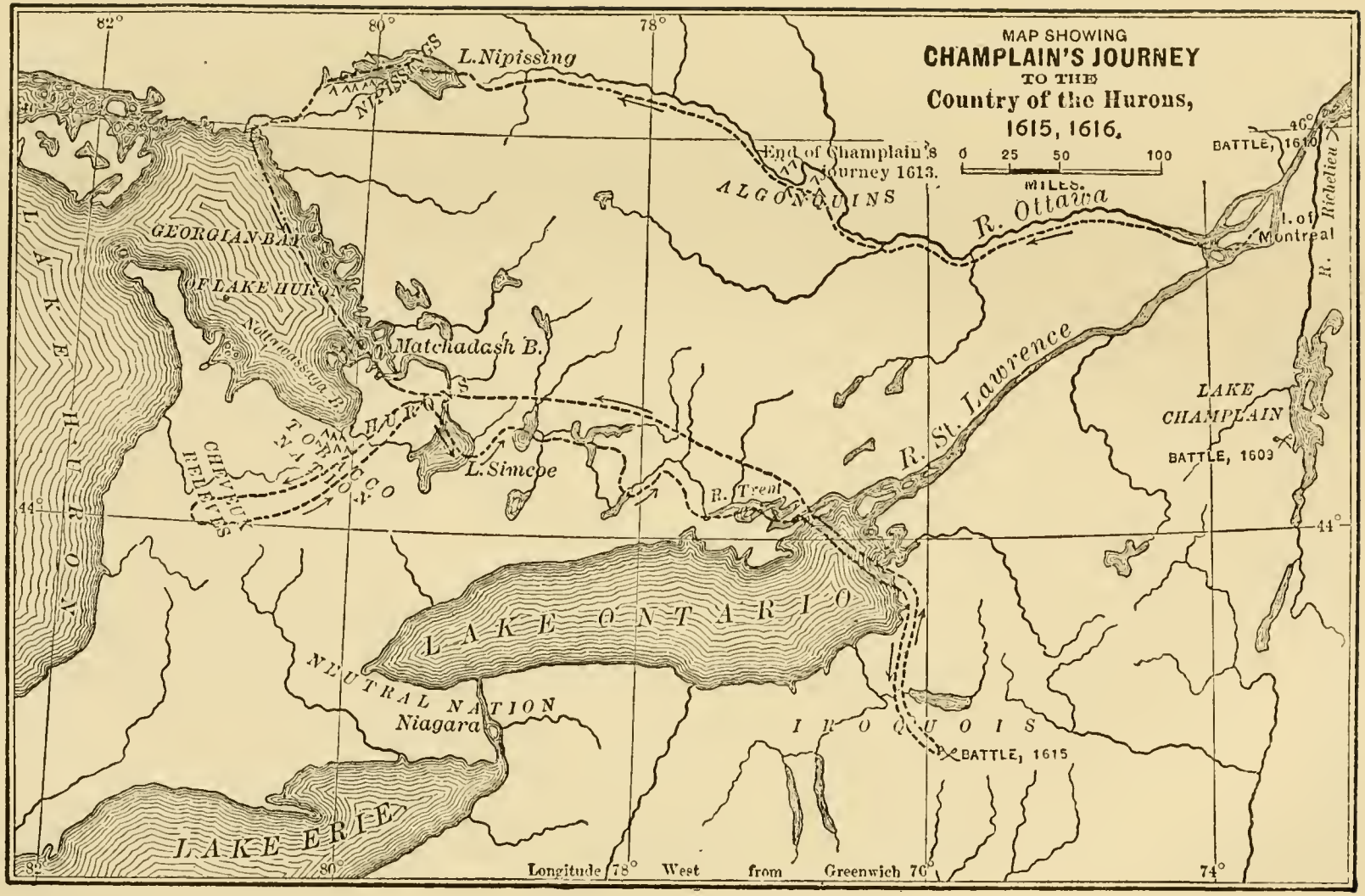
A Winter Among the Hurons

Skirting the shores of Georgian Bay, Champlain at length found himself in the country of the Hurons, who inhabited the region between that bay and Lake Simcoe. There he visited village after village, being received with the most marked demonstrations, and being much impressed with the superiority of these people over the more squalid tribes along the St. Lawrence. The Hurons, Ottawas and Montagnais (the latter two being of the family of the Algonquins) have been termed respectively the nobles, burghers and peasantry of the Canadian forests. The visitor was entertained by a succession of feasts and dances. At the village of Carhagouha the welcome sound of familiar voices fell on his ear, and he was greeted by Father Le Caron and the French soldiers who had accompanied him. They had arrived a little before by the same fatiguing route. The Récollet friar was tired and worn after his rough trip, but full of holy zeal. He had prevailed on the villagers to set apart for him a small cabin just out of the village, and had set up a cross by its side. Here on August 12 he celebrated mass, and thus inaugurated the first mission among these far-off races.

The Indians were to furnish 2,500 braves for the war, which was planned on a much

larger scale than the two others in which Champlain had taken part. The object of attack was an important fortified town, probably of the Oneidas. There was some delay, and it was not until the latter part of September that the force began its march. Even then, only a small fraction of the number of warriors promised had presented themselves. Five hundred more of a neighboring tribe had agreed to assist them, and as these had not yet arrived, Etienne Brûlé with twelve of the Hurons undertook to meet them and hurry them after the expedition.

Striking at once southeastward, the band at length, by paddle and portage, reached the shore of Lake Ontario, at its northeast end. Excellent deer-hunting beguiled the way. Ferrying themselves across the broad corner of the lake, the war-party hid their fleet of canoes in the woods near the shore and proceeded on foot. It was slow progress. The forest was dense, and caution was now necessary. They passed Lake Oneida and its outlet. On October 8, a month after they had started, they came upon and captured a little fishing-party of eleven Iroquois, among whom were several women. A Huron chief, desiring an agreeable foretaste of the forthcoming tortures to be inflicted upon them, cut off a woman's


MAP SHOWING
CHAMPLAIN'S JOURNEY
TO THE
Country of the Hurons,
1615, 1616.
End of Champlain's Journey 1613.
0 25 50 100
MILES.
82°
80°
78°
76°
74°
46°
44°
L. Nipissing
NIPISSINGS
ALGONQUINS
R. Ottawa
BATTLE, 1613
I. of Montreal
R. Richelieu
GEORGIAN BAY
OF LAKE HURON
LAKE HURON
Matchadash B.
Nottawassaga R.
HURONS
TOBACCO NATION
CHEVEUX RELEVES
L. Simcoe
R. Trent
R. St. Lawrence
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
BATTLE, 1609
L A K E O N T A R I O
NEUTRAL NATION
Niagara
IROQUOIS
BATTLE, 1615
LAKE ERIE
Longitude 78° West from Greenwich 76°

finger. At this Champlain energetically remonstrated. He told the chief that it was not the act of a warrior to show cruelty toward women, who had no defense but their tears, and who being weak and helpless should be treated with humanity. He warmly stigmatized such conduct as a brutal outrage. The surprised chief claimed that it was no more than the Iroquois would do to a captured Huron woman; but he finally said with reluctance that if his friend objected with such vigor, he would not torture the women, "though he would the men."

No other incident in Champlain's life has attracted the same attention from American antiquarians as has this third raid against the Iroquois. There has been not a little discussion as to the exact location of the fortified town which this Huron war-party proposed to attack. Mr. O. H. Marshall, after an elaborate review of the explorer's own narrative, concluded that the site of the Iroquois post was on Lake Onondaga, southwest of Lake Oneida. Mr. J. R. Brodhead, in his History of New York, took the same view. Mr. George Geddes contended that the fort was on Onondaga Creek. Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan placed it on Lake Canandaigua. General John S. Clark reached the conclusion that the town

was southeast, rather than southwest, of Lake Oneida, and in 1877 unearthed Indian remains near Perryville, on the bank of a small and shallow body of water known as Nichols's Pond, which he held to identify the spot beyond question. Traces of a settlement found by him, together with the configuration of the ground and watercourses, correspond closely with the picture of the fort and buildings drawn by Champlain. General Clark's views were strongly supported by Mr. L. W. Ledyard, and have been accepted by most of the later writers, including Dr. J. G. Shea, Dr. W. M. Beauchamp, and Mr. Herbert M. Lloyd.

The party came in sight of the village on the day after the capture of the Iroquois fishing-party. Champlain would have counseled a surprise; but his unmanageable allies rushed shouting into the open, and a sharp skirmish was at once precipitated. The attack accomplished nothing, and the Iroquois, retiring within their fortifications, gave defiance to the enemy.

At a council of war in the woods near by, that evening, Champlain showed the Hurons how to construct a kind of platform mounted on poles, which could be carried near to the enemy's palisade, and from which men with arquebuses could command the village within.

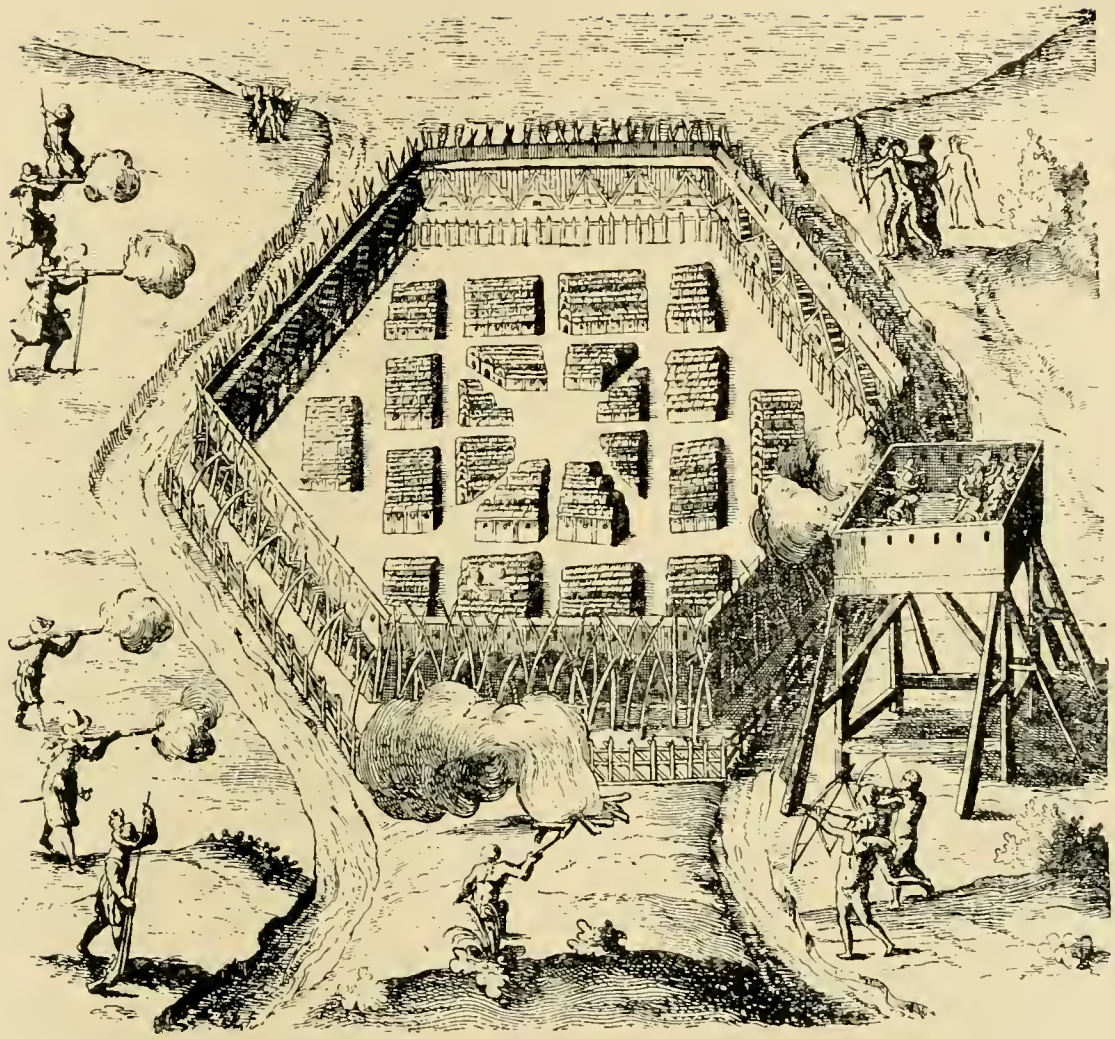
He also had them make long wooden shields for their own use in assault. In the morning, when all was ready, two hundred sturdy men lifted the mounted platform bodily, and carried their burden with a rush to within a pike's length from the wall which surrounded the village, where they set it down with a yell of triumph. French sharpshooters in armor promptly clambered upon it, and began firing down on the enemy with deadly effect.

So far all was going well. But Champlain could not control a wild body of frenzied Indian warriors as he could have maneuvered disciplined troops from France. Each screeching savage was a law unto himself. They forgot about their wooden shields; they surged uselessly against the quadruple barrier of stout tree-trunks, kindled ineffectual fires on its lee side, and wasted their arrows in showers by aimless shooting. Champlain watched their antics with disgust. His shouts of warning or command were drowned in the tumult. Several of the Huron leaders fell wounded. Alarm seized on the rest. The five hundred men who were to reinforce them had not arrived. At the end of three hours of noisy battle, signs of panic began to show themselves; and finally, with Champlain powerless to hold them back, the demoralized

invaders took to their heels and sought inglorious refuge in the forest.

The Governor himself had been twice wounded by arrows, once in the leg and once on the knee-cap; and it may be imagined that he was not in a very good temper when he finally got his disorderly allies together and harangued them scornfully. They listened, but he could make no impression. Pending the arrival of new forces they had no taste for further fighting; and after waiting vainly for four or five days for these reinforcements, they prepared to abandon the field.

Champlain and his men had no choice but to retreat with them. The wound in his knee made it impossible to walk; and so, crowded into an improvised and uncomfortable wicker basket, he was carried on the back of a stalwart Huron. It was not only uncomfortable, but for a wounded man excessively painful. "I can say so with truth as regards myself," writes Champlain ruefully, "having been carried for several days. . . . I never found myself in such a gehenna. The pain of the wound was nothing compared with that which I endured when bound and strapped on the back of one of our savages. It made me lose all patience, and as soon as I could move one foot after another I got out of this prison."



THE THIRD FIGHT WITH THE IROQUOIS.

(Drawn by Champlain.)

The Iroquois exultingly pursued them a while, though without inflicting damage. To add to the discomfort of the retreating band, the weather grew cold—it was in the latter half of October—and hail and snow whitened the trackless forest. In time, however, the party reached Lake Ontario, and finding, to their relief, that their canoes were undisturbed, they paddled across its end to the northern shore.

Another disappointment awaited Champlain. He presently found that his Indian friends had no intention of escorting him back to Quebec that season. They gave various pretexts for this; but in reality they wanted him with them during the winter, partly to protect them against possible Iroquois reprisals, and partly to renew by frequent discussion his interest in war plans for another year. The Governor could not succeed in getting guides or even a canoe for his return. He was altogether in a very chagrined mood at the outcome of the expedition. However, as he had to yield, he yielded with the best philosophy he could muster.

The party spent several weeks in the vicinity of Lake Ontario, occupied in hunting, and especially in a deer-drive, which is depicted by Champlain in a spirited cut. At about this

time he had a very narrow escape. Pursuing some brightly colored bird, he lost himself in the woods, as the young priest Nicolas Aubry had lost himself in the Acadian woods eleven years before. For three days and nights he wandered about, appeasing his hunger by some small game which he managed to shoot. Coming upon a little brook, he sagaciously decided to follow it down, in the hope that it flowed into the lake or into some near-by river. His hope proved well founded; the brook led him into familiar regions, and late in the afternoon of the fourth day he sighted the smoke of the Indian fires, and limped into camp chilled and exhausted.

It was not until the end of December, after a further trying journey in alternating snow and thaw, that the members of the war-party separated to go to their several villages. Champlain was heartily glad for a while of even the rough shelter of the long Indian wigwams. Smoke choked and blinded him, children shrieked and played lawlessly around him, fleas bit him, and dogs nosed his sleeping form; but in spite of all, on a good diet of Indian corn, dried beans and venison, he gained back his strength and soundness, and in a month was ready for new enterprises.

With Father Le Caron he made a midwinter

tour among various tribes west of the Hurons, studying their customs and cultivating their friendship. On his return he acted as arbiter in a serious quarrel between two tribes. He aided Father Le Caron as far as possible in his churchly ministrations; but the mission had as yet borne no fruit among the savages. The Governor and his men fasted all of Lent and longer, to set them a good example; "but," he says roguishly, "it was time lost."

The months wore on, and at last the Indians were ready to furnish guides and canoes. On May 20, 1616, the exiles were able to start on their long journey back to Quebec. They returned by the route which they had taken in coming—a journey of forty days; the more direct water-route by the upper St. Lawrence being always avoided by the Hurons on account of danger from the Iroquois.

Great was the satisfaction at St. Helen's Isle at the return of the wanderers. Champlain had been given up for lost. Good old Pontgravé, who had just arrived from France with two vessels, had hurried up to the Rapids in anxious inquiry after his friend; and he wrung the Governor's hand again and again, while his ruddy face beamed with satisfaction.

All went down together to Quebec, where Du Parc was still in local command. Cham-

plain had much to tell and much to hear. He found all well at his pet settlement, and everything in good condition. Grains and vegetables were flourishing finely; peas, beans, squashes, radishes, cabbages, beets and the like were maturing in abundance. Some imported saplings were growing vigorously. All was most promising, and the Governor strolled about the place in restful satisfaction. After a winter in the wilderness, the rude houses of the post seemed like the luxury of civilization.

Champlain directed the enlargement of some of the structures, building now not with wood but more durably with lime and sand. Finally, at the end of July, he left for Tadoussac, accompanied by Father Le Caron, who was also going back to France for the winter; and on August 3 they set sail with Pontgravé, reaching Honfleur on September 10.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BREWING OF A STORM

1617–1628

THE next three years were years of continual altercations and lawsuits affecting the new company. The greater part of this period Champlain was compelled to spend in France. On his arrival there, he had found that the Prince of Condé had for political reasons been imprisoned. The Prince's authority over New France was for the time deputed to a Marshal de Themines, who exercised it until Condé's release, three years later. Meanwhile there were endless disputes, both between the company and its opponents, and within the company itself. It required all of Champlain's tact and untiring pertinacity to overcome the various difficulties that arose. He ran over to Quebec for a while in 1617; and again in 1618, when he adjusted a grave question between the settlers and the Indians arising from the murder of two of the former by some revengeful Montagnais; but he did not feel that he could make a long stay on either occasion.

In 1619 he prepared for the first time to take his wife across the ocean, but at the last, by reason of difficulties in the company, he was kept from going, and Pontgravé went alone in his stead. There was even an attempt made to depose Champlain from his position as Governor, certain members of the company finding him too intractable for their liking; but he resisted the attempt indignantly, and it failed. In this year, 1619, he published the third volume of his Voyages, which was so successful that it went into a second edition within a twelvemonth.

Early in 1620, Condé, on his release from imprisonment, sold his Lieutenant-Generalship of Canada for eleven thousand crowns (about $6,600) to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Montmorency II., High Admiral of France. In the following year Montmorency sought to dissolve the existing company, and to place the trade in the hands of a certain Huguenot merchant, William de Caen, and of his nephew Emery de Caen, a naval captain. This caused no little disturbance, both in France and in Canada, the existing company not being at all disposed to relinquish its rights; and in the following year, 1622, the Caens and the company consolidated their interests. The company received five-twelfths of the consolidated

stock, in lieu of a proposed cash payment for its franchise. One-twelfth of the five was reserved for the Sieur De Monts, who was then living in retirement in his château of Ardennes in Saintonge, but who had still retained a financial interest in the Canada enterprise. Later, Montmorency in turn sold his Lieutenant-Generalship to his nephew, the Duke de Ventadour, who was a devoted follower of the Jesuits, and who made the purchase purely in the interest of religious propagandism.

Meanwhile, about May 8, 1620, Champlain sailed again for Canada, this time taking his young wife. They had a long and unpleasant passage of two months. Arriving at Tadoussac on July 7, they were greeted by Eustache Boullé, Hélène's brother, a youth of about eighteen, who had been in Canada for two years and a half. He was rather astonished to see his sister, and told her that he thought she was very brave to undertake such a voyage. On his arrival Champlain was much annoyed to learn that two Rochelle ships had been illegally trafficking in the river, and had actually given the savages, in return for peltry, some firearms, powder, and lead. This was a serious matter; but the offending vessels, being swift of sail, had escaped when pursued.

A bark was awaiting the Governor at Tadoussac, left for him by Pontgravé, who had gone on up the river. Champlain with his wife proceeded to Quebec in the bark. It must all have seemed very strange and forlorn to the young girl, fresh from the civilization of Paris. The swarthy-skinned Indians, the wide and sullen river, the rough desolation of the country—all may well have caused her to feel a certain shrinking and misgiving. The impression must have been deepened as the great cliff of Quebec upreared itself ahead, and as the bark landed and she and her husband stepped upon the shore. The houses of the rude trading-post, which were little attractive at any time, had fallen into grievous disrepair during the Governor's long absence. The winds blew in through the crevices in the walls, and rain entered from all sides. The storehouse was ready to fall, and the courtyard was littered with dirt and with rubbish from a fallen building. Champlain doubtless felt a certain dismay as he led his wife into the unpromising enclosure, knowing that this barren spot was to be her home.

A service of thanksgiving for the safe arrival of the Governor was held in the little chapel, and while the cannon boomed out a salute, the Governor again took formal pos-

session of the post and the province in the name of the new Lieutenant-General. Champlain immediately set about repairing and rebuilding with characteristic energy. The houses of the settlement were enlarged and refashioned, both wood and stone being used. At the same time a fort was begun on the summit of the cliff, 172 feet above the water, to command the river and protect the settlement in case of hostile intrusion.

The Récollet priests, who had hitherto had no separate home of their own in Quebec, and only a rough wooden chapel close to the settlement, had just begun the erection of a convent and church. They had chosen a site on the St. Charles River, about a mile and a half from the post, at the spot where the General Hospital now stands; and on June 3 had laid the corner-stone of a church to be built of masonry. It was finished on May 25, 1621, and was called Notre Dame des Anges. Its beginning antedates by more than half a year the erection of the first New England meeting-house on Burial Hill in Plymouth.

All these building operations occupied much of the summer and fall. Champlain was but grudgingly supported by the company in his fort-making, and even in the repairing of the houses in the post, and was unable to do as

much as he wished; but at length he could feel that he and his companions had habitations which were at least secure and weather-tight, and he could face the coming winter without fear for the health or even the comfort of his girl-wife.

The latter, who was of an intensely religious nature, very soon found herself interested in the children of the Indians who hung around the post; and much of her time during the winter was spent in trying to learn something of the Algonquin language, and in aiding the Récollet friars in their endeavors to instruct and convert these wild and shy little savages. The Indians were greatly impressed, it is said, with Hélène's beauty, and would have worshipped her as a goddess, had she permitted. She had a habit of wearing a little mirror as a charm, as was then a fashion among Paris ladies; and the Indians, seeing their reflections in it, used to say poetically that she carried each one of them on her heart.

Save for three serving-women whom she had brought with her from France,[1] she had

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[1] One of these women was probably one Ysabel Terrier, who had in 1617 been engaged by Champlain and his wife for four years' service, at thirty livres ($6) a year. The curious indenture of service is found in *Documents Inédits sur Samuel de Champlain*. Etienne Charavay, Paris, 1875.

almost no companions of her own sex. Two other women, the wife and daughter of one Louis Hébert, a farmer, lived in a house on the cliff; but their sphere of life was not the same as that of the Governor's wife, and she probably saw little of them. Much of her time was spent in prayer and devotions.

For four years, or until 1624, Champlain remained continuously in Canada. He attended to the interests of the Viceroy and of the merchant company, and maintained his friendly relations with the Indians, a small tribe of whom made a settlement for themselves near the post at Quebec, in a praiseworthy attempt to follow the mode of life of the French. He enthusiastically cultivated his garden and wheat-field, directed affairs within the little settlement, did all that he could to divert and entertain his wife, and went on occasional hunting trips. In 1622, according to Leclercq, the Iroquois, who had yearly been growing more daring in their revengeful raids, made a concerted attack upon the French along the St. Lawrence. One of their war-parties, in thirty canoes, passed Three Rivers and appeared before Quebec. Although Champlain was away at the moment, they did not venture to assault the post itself; but they made a fierce onslaught upon the

recently built Récollet convent on the St. Charles. As the convent was well fortified, the valiant friars, aided by the friendly Montagnais, repelled the attack; and eventually the Iroquois, having lost several of their number, retired, but not before they had tortured two Huron prisoners in full view of the priests.

Pontgravé spent the winter of 1622–3 with Champlain, as superintendent for the company. The old man, who was now over seventy, was beginning to be troubled with the gout, and in the spring was confined to his room for six weeks. He had recently suffered a great bereavement, his son Robert having died at sea on November 9, 1621; but he was still brave and cheerful and good-tempered.

Among Champlain's improvements at Quebec should be mentioned a path which he constructed from the settlement to the fort at the summit of the cliff. The busy and winding street now connecting the Lower and the Upper Town is believed to follow the course of this ancient path. The Governor also drew plans for an entirely new set of stone buildings to replace those of the post. The work was begun in the spring of 1624, but was only in part completed before Champlain's departure.

In the same year, by a solemn religious

service held in the settlement, St. Joseph was formally designated as the patron saint of New France. The Récollets by this time had established four missions outside of Quebec. One was among the Hurons, one among the Nipissings, one was at Tadoussac, and one was a summer mission at Three Rivers, a priest being sent there at the season when the Indians congregated at the place for trade or treaty.

During this summer Three Rivers was the scene, according to Leclercq, of a conclave that seemed to promise much for the peace of Canada. The French, with envoys from the Hurons and Nipissings, met representatives of the Iroquois in order to make a treaty of peace. Champlain had made all the arrangements for the meeting with great care, and everything went smoothly. There were interpreters for each of the different tribes. The usual ceremonies of such a conclave were punctiliously observed; there was the kettle of peace and the solemn smoking of pipes; there were presents, feasts and dances; and at the end the treaty was formally concluded. The peace, however, proved to be only temporary, being broken three years later.

On August 18, 1624, Champlain with his wife sailed for France, arriving on October 1 at Dieppe.

In 1626 he crossed again to Canada, this time alone. Madame Champlain never returned to Quebec. The roughness and loneliness of the country had evidently daunted her; and it is probable that her husband perceived this and that he did not seek to persuade her to come over a second time. She made her home with her mother, in the Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois in Paris, and as Champlain in the following years had occasion to spend nearly as much time in France as in Canada, he doubtless saw her there at times, though they did not again live together. Ten years after his death, Mme. Hélène, who had become deeply desirous of taking the veil, entered the Ursuline convent in the Faubourg St. Jacques, on November 7, 1645. Three years later she founded in the town of Meaux a convent of the Ursuline order, endowing it with twenty thousand francs, besides giving certain furnishings, and became a member of its sisterhood, under the name of Sister Hélène de St. Augustin. In consideration of her being the foundress, she was granted a few special privileges, the very enumeration of which, in the ancient document of incorporation, throws a vivid flash of light on the austere routine of those medieval nunneries. She was exempted from rising at four; she was waited

on at times by another sister; she had a slightly more nourishing dietary than the ordinary, and she was "lodged in a chamber with fire." Letters between herself and her brother Eustache, who had at that period also taken holy orders, as a friar of the Minimes, were to pass without inspection. She died in this convent at Meaux on December 20, 1654.

Champlain, on his arrival at Quebec, found there several Jesuit priests in addition to the Récollets. The Récollet order, poor, and, as they felt, unable to cultivate alone such a vast field of proselytizing endeavor, had welcomed the suggestion of aid from the more powerful followers of Loyola. In 1625, five Jesuits, under the patronage of Ventadour, who had succeeded Montmorency as Lieutenant-General, had made their appearance in the colony, among them being Fathers l'Allemand, Massé, and Brébeuf—names later to be nobly immortalized in the history of Canadian missions.

The black-robed Jesuits had received a rather frigid welcome from the colonists and traders of Quebec; but the Récollet priests had hospitably shared their own convent with the newcomers, until the latter could build for themselves, which they soon proceeded to do.

They chose a spot across the St. Charles at the confluence of that stream and the little river Lairet, about a quarter of a mile from the home of the Récollets, and on the site of Cartier's ancient wintering-place of over ninety years before. Their convent, begun September 1, 1625, was finished April 6, 1626, just before Champlain's arrival; and this rude structure was thenceforth for many years the center of the potent Jesuit influences in North America.

The Récollets had at times felt much discouragement in their work. The small impression made by their missionaries' teachings, especially among the Montagnais and the Algonquin Ottawas, worried the earnest fathers extremely. Leclercq, writing at a later date, but having reference to this period as well, says ruefully: "They seem incapable of the most ordinary reasoning which leads other men to the knowledge of a true or false deity. These poor blind creatures hear as songs what we say of our mysteries; they take only what is material and meets the senses; they have their natural vices and unmeaning superstitions, savage, brutal and barbarous manners and customs. They would willingly be baptized ten times a day for a glass of brandy and a pipe of tobacco; they offer us their chil-

dren and wish them baptized, but all this without the least sentiment of religion; even those who have been instructed a whole winter show no more discernment of the faith. Very few are found not buried in this profound insensibility, which caused our fathers great alarms of conscience, knowing that [to baptize such] was profaning the character of the sacrament."[1]

This question of the baptizing of Indians was actually carried to the Sorbonne in Paris, where it was discussed at much length. It was decided that "as for dying adults and children beyond hope of recovery the sacrament might be risked, where they asked it; presuming that at this extremity God gave the adults some rays of light, as we thought we saw in some of them. As to the other Indians, the sacrament should on no account be given them, except to those who by long practice and experience seemed touched, instructed, and detached from their savage ways, . . . and in like manner to the children of these. Of this a formula and kind of fundamental canon was drawn up, which served as a rule for our missionaries to conform to exactly."[2]

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[1] Leclercq's Establishment of the Faith; Shea's Translation.

[2] Ibid.

The Jesuit Father Le Jeune, several years later, found similar difficulties in missionary work. His winters in the Indian camps, amid the torments of smoke, filth and promiscuity, seemed to produce dishearteningly small results. The savages made little of his most sacred emblems. Writing of a church festival in Quebec to which the Indians were admitted, he says[1]: "The chapel being as handsomely decorated as our small riches allowed, the savages were quite struck, for we had set up images of our St. François Xavier on our altar. They thought these were living beings, and asked if they were not divinities, and the tabernacle their house: also if they used as habiliments the altar ornaments. There were also three images of the Virgin Mary in as many places. They imagined these images represented three persons. Being told that the Virgin Mary was mother of the Creator, they laughed, and asked how could any one have three mothers?"

The winter of 1626–7 was a very severe one on the St. Lawrence. Champlain writes: "It was one of the longest that I have seen here. From November 21 to the end of April the snow lay on the ground four feet and a half

[1] Bell's translation, in Garnier's History of Canada.

deep.'' All were glad when the buds at last put forth again and the tardy summer appeared.

Pontgravé, arriving at this time from France, accompanied by his grandson, François, a promising lad of eleven years, showed signs of increasing old age and infirmity. His attacks of gout were severe, and he had had one on the voyage over. He spent the following winter in the post at Quebec, but he was far from being his former active self. Champlain was distressed to see his old friend failing. In fact Pontgravé was not to make any more voyages to the St. Lawrence. He had faithfully served his employers and his country, and his name merits honorable and affectionate mention among the brave pioneers of early Canada.

The company's business had for the last few years proved excellent, the number of skins exported to France being from fifteen to twenty thousand annually, and in one year twenty-two thousand. The Dutch at this time were drawing only about four thousand skins from Manhattan, and yet they considered their business excellent. Dividends as high as forty per cent were declared by the French company. Nevertheless, the establishment at Quebec was supported in but niggardly fashion.

Trade, not the growth of a metropolis, was the company's object. There were still only about half a hundred persons in the little settlement. Despite Champlain's efforts, the new buildings were far from being as complete and well furnished as they should have been. Even provisions were at times low; and during this winter of 1627–8 the Governor was compelled to dispense them very guardedly, pending new supplies from France. The post had now a little live stock, some cattle having been brought over; and Champlain established a small farm at Cape Tourmente, now Beaupré, about twenty-five miles down the river.

In the mother country another change had come in the organization and management of the association. During recent years Richelieu had been slowly but steadily rising to power in the councils of the kingdom. His attention was attracted to Canada. His far-reaching eye perceived the importance to France of this infant colony. He succeeded Ventadour as Lieutenant-General and Viceroy, and organized a new and stronger corporation, which became known as the Company of the Hundred Associates. Its capital was $60,000. Its members were among the most prominent and wealthy men in France; and under Richelieu's sagacious and masterful

direction the rehabilitation of the colony on a large scale was promptly planned. The monopoly of the fur-trade was once more extended to include all New France, as in the time of Chauvin and of De Monts. Ships were fitted out forthwith to take over to Quebec abundance of the stores, tools, arms and ammunition of which the post stood so perilously in need.

At the same time that this company was forming, King Charles I. of England was declaring war against King Louis XIII. of France.

CHAPTER XIV

DEFIANCE AND STARVATION

1628–1629

EARLY in July, 1628, six innocent-looking vessels lazily rounded the projecting point below Tadoussac, and came to temporary anchor in its harbor.

They were of a slightly different build and rigging from that of the French vessels with which the Indians were familiar. But the savages were not versed in these differences. A few of them at once paddled up to the farm at Cape Tourmente to bring word that ships from France had at last arrived; and a couple of men immediately set out from the farm to convey the information to Champlain at Quebec.

This was welcome news if true. But to Champlain, knowing nothing as yet of Richelieu's new corporation and of the fleet he had despatched with supplies and emigrants, six vessels seemed an extraordinarily large number for the usual yearly provisioning and

trading. There were certain other suspicious details about the report which set the wary Governor to thinking. He directed a young Greek, who acted as an Indian interpreter at the post, to disguise himself as a savage and to drop down the river on a reconnoitering trip with two of the natives.[1] "They had hardly gone four or five leagues," writes Sagard, "when they caught sight of two canoes with savages paddling furiously toward them. The savages began to shout 'Turn back, turn back! Save yourselves! The English are at Tadoussac, and have sent up this morning and pillaged and burned the farm at Cape Tourmente!' This was alarming enough, and it was confirmed by the sight of Foucher [the overseer at the farm] lying at full length in the bottom of one of the canoes, half dead from the rough treatment of the English."

Foucher, whose whiskers had been singed by the firing of a musket, but who in reality seems to have been as much scared as hurt, quickly revived on reaching the post. He excitedly informed Champlain that a bark, stealing up the river an hour or two before daylight, had landed fifteen or sixteen men at

[1] Sixte le Tac states that it was the Récollet father, Le Caron, who attempted this trip with the Indians. Sagard says there were two Récollet priests.

Cape Tourmente. They had hoped to take the little farm community by surprise; but approaching, they found Foucher already astir. The latter demanded to know who they were and what they wanted. One of their number, a renegade Frenchman, responded: "Why, we are friends of yours; don't you know us? We were here last year. We are bound to Quebec with news, and merely stepped off here to greet you on the way."

Thus thrown off their guard, the three men at the farm were easily surrounded and made prisoners, together with the wife of one of them and a little girl. The marauding party then killed most of the fifty or sixty head of cattle at the place, burned the buildings to the ground, and decamped, Foucher after capture contriving in some way to make his escape.

This was certainly serious news. The six vessels at Tadoussac were not from France but from England, and had come with hostile intent. The news would have been less serious if the garrison at Quebec had been properly provisioned, and if the company had had the foresight to keep the fort on the cliff in some sort of repair. It would really have cost very little to make the great rock, with its fort above and the walled settlement at its

base, almost or wholly impregnable to the naval artillery of that time. As it was, the place could offer no real defense. Nevertheless, Champlain promptly set about arming and preparing to meet attack as best he could. Before the day was out, men had been assigned to fixed stations, muskets had been loaded, cannon trained down the river, and everything made ready for a stiff fight.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day a shallop rounded the Isle of Orleans and crept into sight. Approaching, it hovered uncertainly about in the river, and Champlain sent some arquebusiers into the woods to repel any landing that might be attempted near the little convent of the priests or along the bank of the St. Charles. Finally the boat came on more boldly toward the landing place, and then it was seen to contain the prisoners taken at Cape Tourmente—two men, the woman, and the little girl—together with six Basques. The latter proved to be captives of the English, and had been sent up the river from Tadoussac, unwilling envoys, to bring a letter from the commander of the fleet.

The Governor assembled some of the leading men of the post, Pontgravé hobbling in to join the conclave, and the letter was read aloud. It was most polite in tone, and ran as follows:

"MESSIEURS: I give you notice that I have received a commission from the King of Great Britain, my honored lord and master, to take possession of the countries of Canada and Acadia, and for that purpose eighteen ships have been despatched, each taking the route ordered by his Majesty. I have already seized the habitation at Miscare[1] and all boats and pinnaces on that coast, as well as those of Tadoussac, where I am presently at anchor. You are also informed that among the vessels that I have seized there is one belonging to the new company, commanded by a certain Norot, which was coming to you with provisions and goods for the trade. The Sieur de la Tour was also on board, whom I have taken into my ship. I was preparing to seek you, but thought it better to send boats to destroy and seize your cattle at Cape Tourmente; for I know that when you are straitened for supplies, I shall the more easily obtain my desire, which is to have your settlement. And in order that no vessels shall reach you, I have resolved to remain here till the end of the season, in order that you may not be revictualled.

"Therefore see what you wish to do, if you intend to deliver up the settlement or not; for,

[1] Or Miscou, a point on the St. Lawrence Gulf just south of the Baie des Chaleurs.

God aiding, sooner or later I must have it. I would desire for your sake that it should be by courtesy rather than by force, to avoid the blood which might be spilt on both sides. By surrendering courteously, you may be assured of all kind of contentment, both for your person and for your property; which, on the faith that I have in Paradise, I will preserve as I would my own, without the least portion in the world being diminished.

"The Basques whom I send you are men of the vessels that I have captured, and they can tell you the state of affairs between France and England, and even how matters are passing in France touching the new company of this country.

"Send me word what you desire to do; and if you wish to treat with me about the affair, send me a person to that effect, whom, I assure you, I will treat with all kind of attention; and I will grant all reasonable demands that you may desire in resolving to give up the settlement.

"Waiting your reply, I remain, messieurs,

"Your affectionate servant,

"David Quer [Kirke].

"On board the Vicaille, this 18th of July (old style), 8th of July (new style). To Monsieur Champlain, Commandant at Quebec."

This Captain Kirke, with two of his brothers, had sailed with letters of marque from Charles I., under the auspices of a transatlantic trading company of England, which had been quick to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the recently declared war between that country and France. His mission was thus both military and predatory.

On reading the letter, Champlain and his friends concluded, as he humorously says, that if the captain wanted to see them near at hand, he had better come up, and not threaten from so far off. So the Governor indited an equally polite note in reply. He stated that he did not at all doubt the existence of the commission which Captain Kirke had obtained from the King of Great Britain, as great princes always choose men of brave and generous courage. He acknowledged word of the capture of Norot and of the Sieur de la Tour. He admitted the truth of the observation that the better a fort was provisioned the better it could hold out, though he felt that it could nevertheless be maintained with little, provided order was observed. Having, he said, abundance of Indian corn, grain, peas, and beans, besides what the country afforded, and feeling that to give up the fort while in such excellent condition would

render him and his force unworthy of appearing before his king and deserving of stern punishment from God and man, he was sure that Captain Kirke would respect his courage much more if he should firmly defend himself and at least make trial of the English batteries. "We will await you from hour to hour," he urbanely concluded, "and shall endeavor if possible to nullify the claim which you have made over these places. Upon which, I remain, monsieur, your affectionate servant, Champlain."

The English commander must have felt a certain grim amusement at the neatly veiled irony in Champlain's letter; but he failed to recognize it for the huge "bluff" that it was. At the time when it was penned there were precisely fifty pounds of powder in the magazine at Quebec—and poor at that—with almost no tinder; and the men were on rations of seven ounces of peas a day! Kirke did not guess this; and the defiant garrison awaited him "from hour to hour" in vain. He decided that the great rock was for the present better left unassailed.

He did not, however, propose to sail for home without striking further vigorous blows somewhere. He turned his fleet down the river, keeping a vigilant outlook. As they

rounded the promontory of Gaspé, his search was rewarded.

A flotilla of no less than seventeen or eighteen French vessels was beating up the Gulf toward the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Thirteen or fourteen of these—the figures are Sagard's—were transports and cargo-ships, bringing colonists, workmen, priests and soldiers, even women and children, and loaded deeply with supplies, clothing, arms and ammunition, including about a hundred and thirty-five cannon stowed away in the holds. They were convoyed by four small war-vessels, under command of the Admiral De Roquemont.

Here was indeed opportunity for a rich haul. Kirke promptly bore down upon the fleet. The French admiral was in a tight place. He seems not to have been proceeding with the caution that he should have used. Champlain sharply criticizes him for this. His mission being not to fight, but to deliver his emigrants and goods in safety, he should have observed every precaution in order to keep out of the sight of an enemy. It was too late now. He refused a summons to surrender, and the battle was at once joined.

It was, according to Sagard, a long and desperate one. It lasted for fourteen or fifteen

hours, and twelve hundred broadsides were fired. Kirke, rounding under the stern of the French flagship, grappled and finally succeeded in boarding her; the French resisted, but the English were soon masters of the ship. Kirke's two brothers, each in command of an English vessel, overcame two other French cruisers, and finally the rest of the fleet surrendered at discretion.

The very extent of Kirke's victory was an embarrassment to him. It was utterly impossible to hold or man so many prizes. Ten of the ships he burned, after removing their passengers and cargoes; two he despatched back to France with the emigrants; and the rest he decided to convoy to England, with the French admiral and other officers of the expedition as prisoners of war. Kirke made a stop at Gaspé to destroy a store of grain cached there by some Jesuits priests, and then made his triumphant way back to his own country. He and his brothers had not indeed captured Quebec; but their privateering enterprise had utterly crippled that post, and had enriched their own commercial company at home with a large amount of valuable booty.

The settlers at Quebec did not learn the details of this naval fight until a twelvemonth later. A few days after it had taken place a

long-boat reached Quebec, sent ahead by De Roquemont before he had seen the English, to carry news of his coming. In it was one Thierry Desdames, with ten other men. They had succeeded in slipping by the English vessels, but they reported that they had afterward heard heavy firing. Their news was not calculated to cheer, and their own coming only meant, as the Governor ruefully remarks, eleven more mouths to eat his peas.

The colony might well look forward to the winter with alarm. No supply-ships had come to them for more than a year. Of four expeditions which had been sent out, that spring and summer, from France to Quebec, all had miscarried. Already the nip of hunger had begun to be felt, and there were ten or twelve long months to come before communications were likely again to reach them from the outside world. Nevertheless, Champlain and Pontgravé rose to the occasion with cheerful calm. "We ate our peas by count," the Governor says. Every square foot of sown ground was sedulously cared for, every variety of root in the woods tested to see if it was edible. The men did what fishing they could, from time to time, but they had almost no hooks or lines. The Indians sold them eels, though at high prices; and occasionally

brought in some moose-meat. Champlain devised a means of crushing the peas and reducing them to a flour, of which they could make a meager but nourishing soup. Autumn and winter wore wearily on; the men and the few women and children in the little band growing thinner and weaker, but always contriving to eke out a subsistence in one way or another.

The spring of 1629 came and passed, with still no word from outside. Champlain grew more and more anxious. The colonists were living on nothing but roots now. His active brain devised several desperate plans for relief. One plan was to lead a war-party of Algonquins against the Iroquois, capture one of their villages which were always stored with corn, and there entrench himself and his followers for a new winter. Another was to refit the sole and unseaworthy bark which was at the post, and send some of his people down the river and out beyond the Gulf to fall in with any of the French or Basque fishing-fleet and thus secure passage home—the bark to return to Quebec for another load. Still another plan was to seek some friendly native chief and induce him to take a part of the men and women to winter with his tribe in the wilderness.

On May 17, Thierry Desdames, with a few

other men, was despatched in a shallop to make his way down to Gaspé to see if there was word from the savages of that region as to any French or even English vessels. Vessels of *any* nationality would be more than welcome. A canoe was later sent as far as Tadoussac on the same errand. The latter returned first, with no news. The shallop came in about June 15, also with no news, save that some savages had told Desdames of a rumor they had heard, that English ships had been seen off the coast of Acadia. These savages sent a friendly message to Pontgravé, their beloved old trading acquaintance, to the effect that if he cared to spend the fall and winter with them, bringing some twenty of his companions, they would do all in their power to make him comfortable.

The veteran St. Malo navigator was in these days nearly helpless with gout. Four men were sometimes required to lift or move him. There is something pathetic in this picture of the old captain's age and infirmity. He was as brave and as impulsive as ever, and wanted to join the adventurous party which, in the bark, was to seek the ships on the Banks; taking his little grandson with him. Champlain affectionately remonstrated, representing the danger of such a journey for one so helpless

as was Pontgravé; and the latter was dissuaded.

Eustache Boullé, Champlain's brother-in-law and lieutenant, who had been with him during all these trying times at Quebec, and who had proved himself an able and trustworthy adjutant, set out with twenty-nine men in the bark on June 26. Twenty of these men, including Foucher and Desdames, had decided to go only as far as Gaspé, and to winter there with the Indians; while Boullé and the remaining nine were to seek aid from the cod-fishing fleet, or to try to cross the ocean in their own frail craft. Champlain and the rest of the colonists stayed by the post. The crops had of course not yet ripened; and the men were daily making laborious journeys fifteen and twenty miles into the woods to hunt for the sparse roots, such as Solomon's seal, which barely sustained their lives. The Governor's kind heart, wrung by the suffering around him, was touched most of all by the wailing of the few children in the settlement, who were crying with hunger and appealing vainly to their helpless mothers.

"Nevertheless," writes Champlain, "I was patient, having always good courage, . . . and can say with truth that I aided every one to the utmost that was in my power."

CHAPTER XV

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

1629–1632

In the early forenoon of July 19, 1629, Champlain was alone in the fort. Some of his companions had gone fishing; others, with his body-servant and with two young Indian girls whom Champlain was educating, were away digging roots. At ten o'clock the latter party returned. The Governor's servant was bringing four small bags of roots; but he was also bringing some exciting news. An English man-of-war and two gunboats were approaching Point Levi, across the river.

Champlain immediately assembled all who were within call, and told them what he had heard. It was now so manifestly impossible to make defense that there was but one opinion as to the necessity of surrender. The Governor resolved, however, to insist on good terms or otherwise to make at least a show of fighting.

In a little while, a small boat displaying

a flag of truce was seen making its way from around the point and coming across the river. Champlain promptly displayed a similar flag on the fort; and the boat came up to the landing-place. A young English officer stepped ashore. Being conducted into the Governor's presence, he saluted, and presented a letter from the two brothers of Captain David Kirke, who was now again at Tadoussac, and who had once more sent to demand courteously the surrender of Quebec.

Champlain and Pontgravé in reply agreed to consider the proposition, provided terms could be agreed on; advising the English fleet meanwhile not to come within cannon-shot.

During the day the proposed terms were drawn up by Champlain, and in the evening a paper embodying them was sent out to the English commanders.

The Governor, in brief, asked for a vessel to convey the colonists to France, with their arms, baggage and personal possessions; for provisions, in exchange for furs; and for favorable treatment of all persons in the post.

The Kirkes, in reply, sent word that they could not grant a vessel; but agreed to give the colonists passage to England and thence to France. They also agreed to allow the officials of the post to retain arms, clothing, baggage

and furs belonging to them personally; to allow the soldiers and workmen their clothing and a beaver-coat each; and the priests, their robes and books.

As some of the men had a large number of furs for which they had traded on their own account, there was at first some vigorous opposition to the Kirkes's ultimatum; but Champlain authoritatively overruled it, as there was clearly no alternative to a surrender. The terms were accepted; and on the next day, July 20, 1629, Quebec was handed over to the English. The three war-vessels anchored in front of the post, and Captain Louis Kirke, David's brother, landing with a hundred and fifty men, formally took possession of the settlement and the fort in the name of His Majesty King Charles I.

The English behaved with the utmost civility. It was a singularly courteous military transaction throughout. Captain Louis was half a Frenchman himself, his Scotch father Gervase having married Elizabeth Goudon of Dieppe; and he took more pleasure, Champlain says, in the society of the French than in that of his own countrymen. He urged any families who desired it to continue to live in the settlement; and Champlain advised them to do so, at least until after harvest.

Kirke obligingly signed an inventory of all the articles in the post. "As to a list of provisions," the Englishman remarked, handing the inventory to Champlain with a smile, "I see it will require us to waste neither ink nor paper. I can't say we are sorry, for it is a pleasure to furnish you with provisions of our own."

"Thank you very much," replied Champlain a little ironically; "but you are making us pay pretty dearly for them, and without our being able to dispute the bill!"

The ex-Governor, left without duties or authority, grew restless; the hours, as he says, seemed like days, and he obtained permission to leave in the man-of-war, which, under command of the third Kirke brother, Thomas, was about to return to Tadoussac, to report to David Kirke. Pontgravé, with most of the others, including the priests, decided not to leave till a little later. On July 24, four days after the surrender, Champlain took his departure from the little settlement which he had founded twenty-one years before, grieved at seeing it in the hands of another nation, but determined to regain it in the end for France.

The vessel had gone but seventy-five miles down the St. Lawrence when a French ship came into sight, beating up the stream along

the north bank. It proved to belong to the De Caens, and Captain Emery de Caen was in command. A sharp combat was at once joined. Captain Emery fought aggressively, and he might have won the day had it not been that his Huguenots would not fight their English coreligionists with their usual vigor, and that the two English gunboats coming down the river from Quebec appeared opportunely or inopportunely on the scene. As it was, the Frenchman surrendered, and Kirke continued on in triumph with his prize to Tadoussac. At that place still other prisoners were found, Boullé and his boatload of men having been intercepted on their way to Gaspé and the Banks.

Champlain was civilly received by Captain David Kirke, the oldest of the brothers and the admiral of the fleet. Under his orders were five large war-ships of three and four hundred tons, well armed and officered—a formidable squadron. There was a report, the truth of which was insisted on by Captain Emery de Caen, that peace had been declared between England and France, but there was no official confirmation of this report, and the Kirkes were by no means overanxious to credit it.

Champlain found the admiral rather less

amiable than was his brother Louis, and the two had a few differences of opinion. The ex-Governor was, however, personally well treated, and he and the admiral were so far friendly as often to go hunting together, returning with goodly bags of game. Kirke made a trip to Quebec, taking up winter supplies to Louis, who was to command the garrison; and finally, at the beginning of fall, the English ships, with Champlain and other Frenchmen on board, sailed for home.

At Dover, where they arrived on October 27, most of the passengers were set ashore, with liberty to proceed to France. Champlain preferred to go to London, to have an immediate interview with the French ambassador; and the vessels sailed up the Thames and dropped anchor at Gravesend.

It was Champlain's first visit to England, and he must have felt no little interest in the great, dingy, bustling metropolis, so different as well from the French capital, with which he was familiar, as from the lonely frontier post where he had spent these recent months of exile and starvation. He found that the rumor of peace was true; a treaty had been signed on April 24, and all conquests made after that date by either side were to be restored.

This clause gave especial significance to

Champlain's successful defiance of the Kirkes the year before. Had the Governor written in a less independent yet polite tone, had he so worded his letter as to betray his weakness on the one hand, or to rouse the rather quick ire of the English admiral on the other, it is beyond doubt that Kirke would have made his attack in that year (1628), in which case the captured place would not have been in the list of the conquests to be restored. England, in a subsequent treaty, extended this list to include all places captured before as well as after the signing of peace; but if so important a post as Quebec had been in question, instead of merely Tadoussac and one or two Gulf fishing-stations and Acadian hamlets, she might not have yielded this point. In such a case, France might never have regained her hold in the New World. La Salle would not have made his voyage down the Mississippi, and the limitless hinterland of Louisiana would not have been claimed for the crown of France. There would have been no heroic battle on the Plains of Abraham. The course of American and even of French history might have run very differently.

Champlain remained in London for five weeks, in consultation with the French ambassador, M. de Châteauneuf, preparing memo-

randa and reports, and awaiting official communications from France. He handed to the ambassador the original agreement of capitulation, and offered for his use a large map of New France, which years of travel and investigation had enabled the explorer to construct with much fulness of detail. M. Châteauneuf had audience of King Charles, and obtained a promise that Quebec should be restored to France.

There is a hint in one of the English state papers of Champlain's having been detained in England for ransom; but this demand, if made, was evidently not pressed, and he presently departed for Paris, carrying despatches from the ambassador to Cardinal Richelieu. He left London on November 30, and crossing by way of Rye and Dieppe, and making a two-days' stay in Rouen, arrived in Paris early in December. Here he reported himself to the king and the cardinal, and also appeared before a meeting of the Hundred Associates, informing them in detail of all that had occurred on the other side of the water. The king immediately sent letters to London, reinforcing Champlain's claim for the restitution of the French settlements.

Charles renewed his promises. But he seems to have had no immediate intention of carry-

ing them into effect. Trade was good at Quebec, and he was willing that the English company should profit by it as long as possible. That company would suffer loss enough when restitution should take place, as all its expensive naval outfitting for the year would go for little or nothing; and Charles had no money in the royal treasury to reimburse its stockholders. He was therefore quite inclined to favor their trading privileges as long as he could. Moreover, the English king had married Princess Henrietta Maria, sister of the King of France; and of the agreed dowry of about $480,000, only half had so far been paid by the French Government. This was a good time to "squeeze" for the remainder. Charles, whose Government was obstinately withholding the royal funds, was anxious to collect this little debt; and he instructed his ambassador in Paris, Sir Isaac Wake, not to cede back Quebec until payment of the dowry should have been made in full. Louis and Cardinal Richelieu at this time were engaged in a brief but important little war in Italy, over a question of succession to the Duchy of Mantua; and this was followed by a sharp civil strife in Languedoc. They were thus too much engrossed for a while to give much attention to Canadian questions.

It is in fact averred by Leclercq and one or two other writers that there was more or less question in France as to whether Canada was worth claiming or not. The anti-expansionists contended that the colony amounted to nothing, that this transatlantic venture had caused heavy losses to every individual who had put money into it, and that adequately to people such vast territories would be to depeople France. But these views did not carry the day. There was a national pride in forcing the restitution of national territory; the sacrifice and energy which had opened up a new country could not be allowed to go for nothing; and the possibilities of wealth from that country's fisheries, commerce and mines were unquestionably large. Richelieu himself took a personal interest in the question, as it was a company under his own presidency which held the Canada concession; and he did not dream of relinquishing its claim.

But diplomatic processes are very slow. Amid much official correspondence and the preparing of innumerable depositions, affidavits, inventories and other formidable State papers in both countries, the years 1630 and 1631 slipped by without result. Champlain was in Paris, active in all the negotiations, and probably occupied also with preparing a

final edition of his writings. The revised edition of his Voyages was brought out in 1632. It gives in condensed form the substance of the narratives of 1603, 1613 and 1619, and supplements them with an extended history of the events which had taken place on the St. Lawrence subsequent to the last-named date. Included in the work is a Treatise on Navigation. Without Champlain's copious and truthful journals the historian of early Canada would be sadly at a loss at many points. Writing in the old transition French of the period, his style, at times a little careless or hurried, is always simple, and his statements of fact are full and clear. His works, as since republished in the complete Laval edition, fill six quarto volumes, comprising 1,400 pages, a total which represents a very considerable literary industry.

It has been believed by some authorities, such as Laverdière and Harrisse, that this final edition of 1632 was edited by some hand other than Champlain's own.

From 1629 until 1632 Louis Kirke and his English garrison continued to occupy Quebec. They did not at first fare very well in point of health, being unused to the rigors of the climate. Out of the ninety Englishmen in the fort, fourteen, according to Champlain,

died during the first winter, and another writer puts the number of deaths as high as forty. Kirke as Governor had to deal with a plot against his life, as Champlain had had to do during his first sojourn in the place. Mme. Hébert, whose husband had died, and who had subsequently married one Guillaume Hubou, continued to live in her home on the hill, with her son-in-law and daughter, Guillaume and Guillemette Couillard, and their three children, and probably her young son Guillaume.

The Abbé Faillon, following Le Jeune, states that this was the only French family that remained at Quebec after its capture by the English. But this is manifestly an error. According to recent exhaustive genealogical researches relating to this period,[1] it appears that at least thirty persons of the French colony remained in Canada during the English occupation. These were Guillaume Hubou, with his wife (the widow Hébert), and her child; Guillaume Couillard, with his wife Guillemette, *née* Hébert, and three children; Abraham Martin, an old Scotch pilot, with his wife and four children; Nicolas Pivert, with his wife Marguerite, *née* Le Page, their little

[1] Vide *Pages d'Histoire au Canada*, by Benjamin Sulte.

niece and a young lad; Pierre Desportes, with his wife Françoise, *née* Langlois, and daughter Hélène, who was born in Quebec, and who, some years after its restoration to France, married Guillaume Hébert; Adrien Duchesne, a surgeon, with his wife; and the interpreters and *coureurs de bois,* Nicolas Marsolet (styled the Sieur de St. Agnan), Etienne Brûlé, Jacques Hertel, Jean Nicollet, Jean Godefroy, Thomas Godefroy, and François Marguerie. Besides these, there were a few Frenchmen who came with the English: Le Baillif, Gros-Jean, Pierre Raye, and Jacques Couillard (known as the Sieur de l'Epinay); and two others, Froidemouche and Le Cocq (a carpenter), whom the English had captured from De Caen and had retained as workmen.

Of the seven interpreters, several left the post and lived with the Indians while the English were in possession.

Among the persons who went back to France, five—Champlain himself. Thierry Desdames, Robert Giffard, Olivier le Tardif, and Jean Paul Godefroy—returned afterward to Canada. Le Tardif and Godefroy were interpreters. Robert Giffard, after his return, was granted a tract of land in Beauport, where he built a stone manor-house and was the first of a number who founded what

were virtually feudal seigniories in that section.

Among all these settlers, the Hébert family is regarded as the patriarchal stock of French Canada. Louis Hébert was a Paris apothecary. He had been with Baron Poitrincourt, Champlain and Lescarbot in Port Royal, where he had experimented in agriculture. He had returned to France, and in 1617 Champlain had persuaded him to come with his family to Quebec. This was the first French family to make a home in the place. Hébert obtained ten acres of land on the summit of the cliff, occupied to-day by that part of the Upper Town which stretches from the ancient Bishop's Palace to the Rue des Pauvres; and here he built himself a substantial home, and devoted himself sedulously to farming. He died from the effects of a fall in 1627. Ferland says that there are few families in Canada at all ancient who can not trace their descent through one or other of their ancestors to Louis Hébert. Father Leclercq, writing less than eighty years after Hébert's death, remarked that the posterity of one daughter of the old settler, Guillemette, who was married to Guillaume Couillard,[1] had become so nu-

[1] This, the first wedding ceremony in Quebec, was performed by Father Jamay on August 21, 1621. Two and a half months

merous that it counted more than two hundred and fifty members; and that to this family were related over nine hundred persons. One of Couillard's grandsons obtained a patent of nobility for himself and his descendants; and many others of the Hébert family have become prominent through valuable services rendered both to New and to Old France.

While the English were still holding Quebec, postponing execution of the promise to return it to its owners, the Company of the Hundred Associates in France projected several expeditions, which came to little. In 1631, Emery de Caen, who had been released by the British after his capture, and who, with his uncle, still maintained a claim on the Canadian trade, again made his appearance on the St. Lawrence with a vessel bringing merchandise for barter. He demanded restitution of the post at Quebec. The English requested to see the commission of their king ordering evacuation. This De Caen could not produce, and his demand was consequently refused. He was civilly given permission to remain in the river and have a share in the year's commerce; but later, owing to the small number of In-

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before, on May 12, had been performed the first wedding ceremony in Plymouth, Susannah White having been married to Edward Winslow.

dians who appeared with furs that summer, this permission was revoked, Louis Kirke explaining that there was scarcely enough business for the English alone. A guard was put on De Caen's vessel to prevent trade, and was kept there till the Indians had departed.

Meanwhile, Richelieu was mobilizing a war-fleet of six vessels, to be under the command of one Isaac de Razilly. The English Government remonstrated, and the fleet did not sail; but this incident had the effect of quickening the negotiations, which was perhaps all that the cardinal desired.

Finally, on March 29, 1632, a definitive treaty was signed at St. Germain-en-Laye by representatives of the two monarchs, and Quebec and all other points in Canada and Acadia formerly in the possession of the French were retroceded by England to France. On July 5, Captain Emery de Caen again appeared before Quebec, armed this time with a commission; and he received from Captain Kirke possession of the fort. Quebec, the key to Canada, was once more in the hands of the French.

De Caen held authority from King Louis to monopolize the traffic for one year, in recoupment of personal losses which he and his uncle, William de Caen, had sustained; after

which the Hundred Associates were again to resume their rights. In the following spring, 1633, Champlain, who had been recommissioned as Governor, set sail from Dieppe on March 23 with three vessels, the St. Pierre, the St. Jean and the Don de Dieu, well freighted with goods, provisions and arms, and taking out two hundred persons for the colony. There would be no more digging in the woods for roots to eat; no more counting of peas; no more saving of powder and tinder. The Governor must have felt a deep exultation as he paced the deck of his vessel. His life-work was not, after all, to go for naught; New France was New France still, and now at last, under the great cardinal and the again reorganized company, there was assurance of prosperity and progress.

Bound again for Canada were the two Jesuit fathers, Massé and Brébeuf; and others of their order were to follow them. The Récollets, despite their desire, were not to be permitted to return. Nor were Protestants of any kind, lay or cleric, to be allowed to settle in the colony. Henceforth for many years the control of religious life and missions in Canada was to be exclusively in the hands of the astute and powerful brotherhood of Loyola.

Restitution and Renovation

It is probable that Pontgravé was no longer living, for no further allusion to him is made by contemporary chronicles. The Governor must have sorely missed his lifelong friend. But Champlain himself was now showing signs of age. He was about sixty-six years old. All his life he had drawn heavily on his bodily vigor and endurance. Fevered by the West Indian sun, and frozen by the icy cold of Acadian and Canadian winters; buffeted by storms at sea, wounded in Indian warfare, injured by a falling horse, lost for days in the forest near Lake Ontario, and nearly starved in Quebec—it is a wonder that his health should so long have defied the assaults made upon it. A portrait picturing him at about this period shows the striking changes made by time since the date of his marriage, twenty-three years before.[1]

With the years he had grown more and more religious; a great part of his time was now given to devotional readings, to meditation and confession, and to churchly ceremonies. His active life was rounded out; for him there were to be no more explorations, no more campaigns, nor even any more voyages across the rough Atlantic. Here, in his be-

[1] Compare with frontispiece.

loved and recovered Quebec, he might set his house in order and peacefully live out his closing days.

Nevertheless, he was not to be idle. There was more than sufficient on the St. Lawrence to occupy his time and to call for his wise direction. There was repairing and rebuilding to be done, and he set workmen at this immediately. He did not again take up his residence on the river bank, deciding to live in the fort on the cliff above. There was much to do in the matter of holding councils with the Indians and confirming their allegiance. The English had treated the savages with much more brusqueness and even harshness than the genial French had ever thought of using. The Indians, first astonished, then angered, had gradually ceased coming to the post. The fur-trade had itself suffered by this withdrawal of confidence. The only way by which the savages had been induced to visit and barter was by the sale of bad fire-water; and this had been recklessly dispensed, with demoralizing and sometimes highly indecorous results.

When, however, the Indians learned that their beloved Governor was coming back, joy spread through native circles, from the Saguenay to the Ottawa, and to the far-off country

of the Hurons. No less than seven hundred of the latter nation planned to come to Quebec to salute him. Eighteen Algonquin canoes had already appeared on the scene from the Ottawa at the time of his arrival. The Montagnais likewise came flocking back.

As the English had not all left the river it was important to take measures to confine the Indian trade to the French; and a grand council with the Ottawas and Montagnais was shortly held. Pipes were smoked, presents exchanged, and Champlain made a speech, through Olivier de Tardif, the interpreter, explaining that the French were the rightful occupants of the country, the English being only usurpers and temporary visitors; and that the old friendship between the Indians and the French required that trading should be done only with the latter. The Indians were in the most cordial of moods, and agreed heartily. "You are always the same," said a chief to Champlain after the meeting; "you have always something agreeable to say to put us in good humor."

To anticipate the arrival of the expected Hurons, the Governor shrewdly established a place for traffic at an island opposite St. Croix Point, near the mouth of the Richelieu. Here business might be carried on without inter-

ference from the English farther down the St. Lawrence.

On the last day of May Champlain sent an armed shallop from this new post to meet the expected Huron flotilla at the Rivière des Prairies and to escort it down. Hardly had the boat set forth, when a Montagnais Indian hurried in alarm to his Jesuit friends in Quebec to tell them that one of his companions had in a dream seen some Frenchmen massacred. The Indians placed implicit faith in dreams. As it happened, this one came true, for, two days afterward, a canoe arrived with sad news. The party in the shallop, putting in shore, had been surprised by a marauding band of Iroquois, and a flight of arrows had killed two of the Frenchmen (who were promptly scalped), and had wounded four others, one of whom afterward died.

A pleasing incident occurred a little later at the fort. Some Nipissings who had not before been in Quebec were wandering open-eyed about the enclosure. One of them wonderingly watching a small French lad who was drumming with sticks on an empty box, crowded too close, and the boy raised one of his sticks and hit him on the head, drawing blood. The savages at once raised an outcry. Through the interpreter they demanded pres-

ents to appease the injured one, according to Indian custom. They were told that the French custom was to punish the offender, and that the child should have a whipping in their presence. The Indians rarely or never punished children, and the Nipissings were among the mildest of the native races. When a birch rod was produced, and the boy was ordered to take off his coat, the savages vigorously remonstrated. They begged the Frenchmen to pardon him, saying that he was only a child and did not know what he was doing. No attention was paid to this, and the men prepared to go on with the punishment; when one of the Nipissings, stepping forward, pulled off his cloak and threw it over the lad's shoulders, exclaiming, "Strike me, then; but not the little one!"

In the autumn Champlain commenced the erection of a small church near the fort. This was in pursuance of a vow which he had made to build such a structure in the event of the recovery of Quebec from its foreign captors. The spot chosen is generally stated to have been that now occupied by the apse of the English Cathedral, though some authorities hold that it was where the Roman Catholic Cathedral stands. This, the first parochial church of Quebec, was completed by the end

of the fall, and consecrated on December 8, under the appropriate name of Notre Dame de Recouvrance.

About this time Champlain also established the custom, so long and religiously preserved in Quebec, of ringing the Angelus three times a day.

It was a small community, this of Quebec, in the winter of 1633–4, but it was a hopeful one. The prospects of growth and betterment were excellent. The population of the little settlement was curiously mixed. Officers and priests, traders and Indians, laborers, farmers and *coureurs de bois* passed up and down the steep roadway that led from the warehouses and rough wooden tenements by the river, to the fort, dwellings and church high above; or might be seen, pausing to talk in idle groups "in the narrow street beneath the precipice whenever the wintry sun gave more than its usual warmth at midday."

In the summer of the following year, 1634, Champlain sent a party to establish a permanent settlement and fort at Three Rivers, and this was begun on July 4. Later in the month the Governor himself made a visit of inspection to the place, returning August 3. Three Rivers had long been a rendezvous for trading, and had always been one of Pont-

gravé's favorite spots. The Récollets had had a summer mission there. The new settlement in time grew into an important community.

Champlain also succeeded, this summer, in inducing the Hurons to take some Jesuit priests with them to their own country, to reestablish a mission there. He had tried the year before to persuade them to do this, but unsuccessfully. Fathers Brébeuf, Daniel and Davost departed for this dangerous mission-field, where one of them, Brébeuf, was later to perish by the hands of the Iroquois in excruciating torment. Jesuits also settled in other places, Fathers Le Jeune and Buteaux going to Three Rivers; and thus the wide-reaching work of the Loyolists, begun in 1625 and interrupted in 1629, was now again renewed, and was destined to be pushed to great accomplishment, as well in exploration as in proselytizing.

The stalwart Brébeuf and his companions made their headquarters among the Hurons at Ihonatiria (Champlain's Carhagouha), where the missionaries, aided by the Indians, put up a rough dwelling, thirty-six feet by twenty-one, divided into a sleeping-room, refectory, kitchen, bakery and chapel. The Indians, many of whom had never seen such an

elaborate structure before, flocked from all quarters to view it. They would linger around for hours, often to the great inconvenience of the fathers, admiring everything unstintedly, from kitchen utensils to mirrors and books and chapel ornaments. Especially were they fascinated with the clock. They poetically called it the captain of the day, as marshaling the hours and audibly commanding them.

"When our clock strikes," writes Father Brébeuf, in his Relation of 1635, "they say that it speaks. When they come to see it, they ask how many times the captain of the day has already spoken. They even want to know what it eats." They believed that it heard as well as spoke; for sometimes, just on the last stroke of the hour, the Frenchmen would call out in jest, "Be silent!" and the wondering visitors observed that it did not strike again. "They hang about for an entire hour, or even several hours," goes on Brébeuf, "in order to hear it speak. They asked in the beginning what it said," he adds humorously; "and we told them it said two things, which they have remembered ever since. One was that when it struck four, of a winter afternoon, it said, 'Move on, clear out, let us shut the door!' and they always get up and leave at that time. The other was at twelve, when it said,

'Come, start the kettle!' And they have remembered this still better, for some of these sponges (*écornifleurs*) never fail to come at that hour to share our corn-porridge.''

Another event of this summer of 1634 was the departure of Jean Nicollet, undoubtedly at Champlain's suggestion, for an exploring trip among the Great Lakes. He went up the Ottawa to Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, and thence to Sault Ste. Marie and Lake Michigan, following the western shores of the latter lake as far as Green Bay, and entering the Fox River. He returned to Quebec the following summer, having been gone just a year. This was the most important exploration of the western country yet undertaken.

Another winter passed. The company's business was good, and the quarrels of the rival traders of former days were heard no more. Quebec was growing, although very slowly. Champlain might well feel that there was a potent germ of life in this small but hardy colony, and he could see with increasing satisfaction that his three decades of work in and for New France had not been in vain. In this year, 1835, long pending arrangements for a college in Quebec were successfully completed. René de Rohault, son of the Marquis de Gamache, was a young man who had en-

tered into the order of the Jesuits. His earnest wish was to found a college in the New World, and to gratify this wish his father, the marquis, had in 1626 offered for the purpose the large sum of sixteen thousand gold crowns, or forty-eight thousand francs, equivalent to a very much larger sum in modern money. The undertaking had been broken off at the invasion of the St. Lawrence by the English in 1628 and 1629; but the offer had since been renewed, and the plans were now, in 1635, completed. The first building was erected two years later, in 1637, a year before the founding of Harvard College. The existence of this important institution at Quebec had the almost immediate effect of drawing to Canada from Normandy and elsewhere many well connected French families who had previously hesitated to come on account of the lack of educational facilities for their children. Several of these families acquired estates on the Beauport road, in proximity to the seigniory of Robert Giffard.

During this summer Champlain addressed a letter to Cardinal Richelieu which may be considered as summarizing his Indian policy. He dwelt on the necessity of suppressing the long-standing feud between the Algonquin and French allies on the one side and the Iroquois

on the other, on the ground that peace would vastly facilitate the French trade with all the Indian tribes and would correspondingly check the trade of the English and Dutch, who now profited in many ways by the hostility of the Iroquois to the French. But peace must come through war. "It would only need a hundred and twenty men," he urges, "in light, arrow-proof armor; these, with two or three thousand Indian braves, our allies, could in a year make themselves absolute masters of all these people, and thus establish order, open the way for religious influences, and stimulate an incredible traffic."[1] This was no doubt in great part true; and if Richelieu had taken Champlain's advice, the horrors of subsequent Iroquois warfare might have been largely and perhaps wholly averted.

[1] Champlain had already written, years before, to King Louis XIII., urging the same considerations. See *Brouage et Champlain; Documents Inédits*, publiés par Louis Audiat; page 32. Paris, 1879.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PASSING OF A KNIGHTLY SOUL

1635

It was a day about the middle of October, 1635. A strange hush had fallen on the little population of Quebec. Traders, soldiers, priests and Indians, all were subdued to a common gravity. In a chamber in the turreted fort on the cliff their Governor, Champlain, lay helpless, stricken with paralysis.

The post and its founder were so intimately one that it did not seem that Quebec could exist without Champlain. In the crisp October air, men and women stood grouped about the courtyard of the fort, asking one another in low tones what hope there was for his recovery.

There was none. Sixty-eight years of storm and stress had done their work. Death and life fought hard with each other. For two months and a half, while the physician used all his skill, and the warm-hearted Jesuit, Father l'Allemand, tenderly watched and anxiously prayed, the sturdy constitution resisted. But it was vain.

The Passing of a Knightly Soul

On Christmas day, 1635, the Father of New France passed away. He died as he would have chosen to die—Governor of his beloved province, in the very citadel of its little capital. One might well say, paraphrasing Napoleon Bonaparte's immortal words, that his dearest wish was to be buried on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the midst of the Canadian peoples whom he had loved so well.

The grief at Quebec was unfeigned and deep. Champlain had no enemies. In the little church of Notre Dame de Recouvrance, in mourning for its builder, the funeral was held, and the entire population of the settlement attended. Father Le Jeune, coming to Quebec from Three Rivers, delivered an impressive funeral oration. "We can truly declare," he said, "that his death is the death of the blessed. I believe that God has bestowed His favor upon him, in consideration of the wealth he has been able to procure for New France, by means of which we hope that some day God will be loved and served by our French compatriots and known and adored by the uncivilized around us. It is true that he has lived a life of justice and honor, faithful to his king and the company; but in his death he has perfected his virtues, with a piety so remarkable that we can not but be astonished."

Champlain's body was buried, with every mark of reverence, in a *sepulcre particulier*. One of the first acts of the succeeding Governor, M. de Montmagny, was to erect over the tomb, in the following summer, a memorial chapel, which was called the Chapelle de Champlain. This, with the Chapelle de la Recouvrance, was destroyed, in 1640, by an extensive fire. There has been no little discussion as to where it stood. The best evidence appears to indicate that it was in the old Cimetière de la Montagne, at a spot within the square in which the present General Post-Office is situated.

By a startling provision in his will, Champlain, whose religiousness had of late years become almost religiosity, left his property of 4,300 livres to the Virgin Mary! The Jesuits promptly laid claim to it, as being the vice-regents of the Virgin on earth. Their claim was not disputed by Madame Champlain, who was in France, and who was quite as mystically devotional as her husband had come to be; but a cousin contested the will on the ground of informality, and it was eventually broken, the controversy arousing wide interest in France and Canada.

Champlain's character was best portrayed by his life. He has been aptly called the most

picturesque figure in all Canadian history. "Confident in himself, but with no touch of self-conceit, . . . taking the dangers of the sea carelessly; and yet [his] narrative reveals but a small part of the man; we have still to discover his steadfast courage, his patience, his resourcefulness and his kind heart. Champlain too had a love of romance that carried him into many dangers, but never overcame his prudence; and a religion that kept him unavaricious among traders, forgiving to those who wronged him, chaste even among Indian women—a religion free from bigotry, that made him always desire that the people of the New World should be discreetly persuaded to Christianity but never forced into it. He is particularly interesting to Americans, because he is a Frenchman with those qualities which a wayward English tradition denies to the French—patience, sobriety, calm self-control, and a complete absence of vanity. His was the very character for the founder of a colony."[1]

"Of the pioneers of the North American forests," says Parkman, "his name stands foremost on the lists. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart

[1] Sedgwick: Champlain.

of their pristine barbarism. At Chantilly, at Fontainebleau, Paris, in the cabinets of princes and of royalty itself, mingling with the proud vanities of the court; then lost from sight in the depths of Canada, the companion of savages, sharer of their toils, privations and battles, more hardy, patient and bold than they—such, for successive years, were the alternations of this man's life." Champlain, he adds, "belonged partly to the past, partly to the present. The *preux chevalier,* the crusader, the romance-loving explorer, the curious, knowledge-seeking traveler, the practical navigator, all claimed their share in him."

"On the long honor-roll of French chivalry," wrote John Fiske, twenty years ago, "there are few names that shine with a brighter or purer luster. In his character there was much that reminds one of the highest type of medieval knight, of a Godfrey or a Saint Louis; yet combined with this was that keen scientific curiosity which in our own day animates a Baker or a Livingstone. His piety and probity were equal to his courage and endurance, and these qualities were united to a tact which made him the idol of Indians and white men alike."

The Passing of a Knightly Soul

On September 21, 1898, an imposing monument to Champlain's memory was unveiled at Quebec. A distinguished assemblage was present, including the Governor-General of Canada (Lord Aberdeen); Admiral Sir John Fisher, representing the British navy; the official envoy of France, the officers and men of the United States ship Marblehead, and the members of the International Commission, which was then in session at Quebec. The ceremony was most impressive, and the event, instead of being a purely local commemoration, proved one of international interest.

The monument stands high on the esplanade, within the area of Champlain's long-vanished fort, and in one of the most commanding positions in the city. The sculptor was Chevré; the architect, Le Cardonnel, of Paris. The statue represents Champlain saluting New France as he mounted for the first time the great rock of Quebec, when in 1608 he founded the city. The commission of the French King, Henry IV., is in his left hand; it bears the great seal of France, with three fleurs de lis. The figure is of heroic size, its height being fourteen feet and nine inches. Together with its Doric pedestal, the total height of the monument is about fifty feet.

It bears this inscription in French:

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

BORN AT BROUAGE IN SAINTONGE ABOUT 1567

SERVED IN THE ARMY UNDER HENRY IV.
IN THE CAPACITY OF QUARTERMASTER

EXPLORED THE WEST INDIES FROM 1599 TO 1601
ACADIA FROM 1604 TO 1607
FOUNDED QUEBEC IN 1608

DISCOVERED THE COUNTRY OF THE GREAT LAKES

COMMANDED SEVERAL EXPEDITIONS
AGAINST THE IROQUOIS, FROM 1609 TO 1615

WAS SUCCESSIVELY LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR
AND GOVERNOR OF NEW FRANCE

AND DIED AT QUEBEC, THE 25TH OF DECEMBER,
1635

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